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FRENCH ARMY RETURNS PARNASSUS FIRE

War Heroes and General Staff Defended Against Attacks of Literary Men in the Plutarch Controversy

"Plutarch lied!"—"Plutarch told the truth!"

A Review by
WALTER LITTLEFIELD

PLUTARQUE N'A PAS MENTI (Plutarch Did Not Lie). Par Général ✠ ✠ ✠. Pp. 270. Paris: La Renaissance du Livre.

SINCE the end of the World War the French Army has been on the defensive; not from the public, to whom the heroes of the war, as officially proclaimed, are apparently as dear as ever, but from certain professional writers who were mobilized for clerical work connected with various military bureaux. From their posts of observation and their daily contact with military affairs they were able to apply their critical acumen to the conduct of the war, just as they would to any other human phenomenon.

The result has been that the military establishment of France, its instruction, its methods and its officially recognized protagonists have suffered in the minds of certain classes of Frenchmen who have been groping for a formula to make war unpopular by demonstrating that the traditional military establishment was quite unnecessary, even harmful to the body politic, and that a nation in arms with the usual civilian education and common sense was quite sufficient to meet any national emergency. To prove this hypothesis illustrations were drawn from the World War.

For some time the professional soldiers, like other scientists—physicians, physicists, chemists, &c., when the raison d'être of their profession has been repudiated by laymen—left their defense to professional historians and biographers whose data were necessarily official and contented themselves by calling the attention of their critics to well-known maxims, such as "la critique est facile mais l'art est difficile" and "A chacun son métier."

Then suddenly last Spring the critics of the war and the war leaders found themselves in possession of their long-sought formula, which by a time-honored conceit popularly questioned the veracity of the professional historians and biographers, and hence the truth of the data which they have been passing on to the public from official sources. The discoverer, or, rather, the adapter, of the formula was the well-known literary critic, Joan de Pierrefeu, who, taking for his text the last resource of the village Hampdens, "Plutarque a menti" (Plutarch lied), wrote a book with this title dedicated to his unsung comrades, "the natural leaders of the nation in arms" and "inspired by the patriotic fear of the future."

The book made a sensation. The lay reader was constrained to assume that the writer knew what he was talking about and that he spoke the truth, which had so long been hidden by the professionals and their historians for M. de Pierrefeu had a military title, "Lieutenant of Reserves," while during the war he had been attached to the General Headquarters in the capacity of writer of the daily official communiqués. A comprehensive exposition of his book, "Plutarch Lied," was given in these columns on June 24.

And now a General who reveals his rank but not his name by the use of three stars as a nom de plume has replied with a book whose title declares that "Plutarch told the truth." It is dedicated to "the Professional Officers, to the entire Army of Victory," and is "inspired by the admiration, affection and confidence in the future of France." And where M. de Pierrefeu had declared on his title page that "ingratitude toward their great men is the brand of powerful nations," the General counters with "recognition of their great men is the characteristic of powerful nations."

It will be recalled that the anti-Plutarch endeavored to establish the conclusion that the military problem no longer is the exclusive property of the military caste, but of the entire nation with all its resources of brains and material; that the caste in France had become so obsessed with philosophy and occultism that imagination had in 1914 taken the place of the material, the obvious and the expedient; that the famous Plan XVII, with which France opened the war by an "offensive à outrance," and which regarded Germany's invasion of Belgium as a contingency as remote as the invasion of Switzerland, was the product of this hallucination; that Joffre accepted this plan on its face value without analysis; that its blind execution escaped disaster only because Lanrezac's advice was followed in protecting the left wing in its retreat and Gallieni's advice was followed in making the army withdrawn for the defense of Paris a weapon by which the Germans were forced back from the Marne. Why was not the German Army pursued and placed hors de combat? Simply because Plan XVII had been exhausted and it had no corollary for the static warfare which followed—a warfare which scientific, resourceful civilians would have ended in short order. These are the principal steps by which M. de Pierrefeu reached his conclusion, which simply amounts to this: There is no longer the art of war, for tactics have taken the place of strategy.

The reply of the General is a popular demonstration of Foch's "Principles of War" and the latter's application to the hypothesis advanced by M. de Pierrefeu. Like the anti-Plutarch he has his familiar demon, and he interviews the shades of Plutarch's subjects and of his successors in the perpetuation of popular biographic lies.

Caesar confesses that he would never have had the time even to prepare to play the rôle of a Foch: "Neither my brilliant intelligence, nor my firm judgment, nor my elastic and lucid will would have sufficed for that * * * but had I not acquired the art of war, while I might have been able to pronounce the words 'Veni, Vidi,' it is doubtful if I could have added 'Vici.'"

The shade of Napoléon in fury repudiates his interview with the anti-Plutarch and says he would never have pinched his ear: "A favor which I reserved for my grumblers 'couverts de brisques.'" And he goes on:

> I never possessed a General Staff because I never had time to form one. What a difference it would have made if I had only had the leisure in which to institute a corps d'Etat-Major like that which your chiefs had at their disposition, and if I could only have turned my Marshals into efficient liaison officers understanding my orders and faithfully interpreting my thought! It was because war gradually devoured them and I had no sooner fitted them than they were lost. If I had only possessed such agents, Bernadotte would have attacked at Jéna, Soissons would not have surrendered in 1814, and Grouchy would have arrived in time at Waterloo.

In commenting on the great Moltke's words that "the French would never have a Grand General Staff like ours," the shade of Napoléon said:

> No, surely you have never had one, but you have had something infinitely better, and your great Ecole de Guerre has a right to be proud of the officers it has given the army. In the severe work of a General Staff, mere devotion does not suffice; you must have the science of the craft, and this science is not acquired either in a few days or a few weeks.

As to what M. de Pierrefeu has termed the "military caste," the General shows that it does not exist in France. French officers come from every strata of society; they advance in accordance with their ability, not in accordance with their antecedents; and their esprit de corps, so often mistaken for "esprit de caste militaire," is merely "esprit de nation." The General adds:

> Although there is no military caste among us, there is military society which includes all men who have embraced for life the military career. * * * This society has no pretension to infallibility. It is better than some and worse than others. It has its own characteristics, one of which is incontestable: It is that it attaches a circumstance quite extraordinary—more value to honor than to money, and that among its members there is not a single nouveau riche.

As to the criticism that no criticism of orders is allowed within the corps of officers, the military author points out that although in general circumstance experience has shown that orders must be explicitly executed, yet there are certain conditions in which an appeal can be taken. M. de Pierrefeu wrote that so many qualities were necessary to a good General Staff officer that it was not astonishing that such an officer was rather a rare bird, to which the General replies:

> As human nature is generally imperfect, the officer of the General Staff partakes with writers and literary critics this misfortune that he praises none for precisely the same reason that he blames others. It is extremely rare, in fact, that in the theatre of peace as in the theatre of war, a genius is found to unite in rather, actors and sodney all the conditions of success.

Professors emerge from the sto-

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The Last of the Medici.

Traveling with Hewlett

Joseph Pennell's Reminiscences of "The Road in Tuscany"

By JOSEPH PENNELL

I HAVE had the chance, during a lifetime devoted to illustration—and other things—to work with, or for, almost all the best-known descriptive writers of Europe and America, and in America and Europe of making drawings to illustrate their books, for until the last few years, until the photograph has become a substitute for art, and as near art as near beer is to beer, artists, and not machines or hacks, made books beautiful and interesting, and gave American art, the art of illustration, a standing in the world of art we no longer hold, and I doubt if we ever regain it.

Compare any American, or even European, book or magazine today, with those of twenty years ago, and all but the blind, but most are blind, can see this. Where are the men like Vedder, Whistler, Abbey, La Farge, Pyle, Blum, Brennan, today, artists who regarded illustration as serious as any form of art, as it is. I have had the honor and pleasure of illustrating the works of Washington Irving, among the authors of the great period of American literature, we have no literature either today. And in the present of making drawings for American authors of the eminence of Cable, van Dyke, John Hay, Crawford, Leland, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Pennell, Howells, James, and how many others have we had in these last years?

In Europe I have worked with Hamerton, Lord Morley, Andrew Lang, Gosse, Mrs. Oliphant, Henley, Vernon Lee, Stevenson. I was to have done the Rhone with Stevenson, but illness stopped that, and his comment was that he would always regret that he "would never know just the spot on the river where we should have been killed," for the Rhone disappears underground in several places on its troubled course from the glacier to the lake, and it would have been a very different voyage to that of the Cigarette. But, if I did not illustrate Stevenson, I edited him at the request of Sir Sidney Colvin, edited the Davos books and introduced him as an illustrator in the Cevennes and made him the prey of the collector of rarities. I did one book, "The Devils of Notre Dame," with Bob Stevenson, the most fascinating as well as the rarest of authors and the most endless of talkers, and I probably got on better with him than I should have with his better known—though I am not sure better artist—cousin Louis. Both the Stevensons wanted to be artists, that is the reason why they went to Barbizon.

The charm of the old illustration was its intimacy, you got to know authors and countries. Think how Abbey got to know Herrick and Goldsmith, though he never saw them, and he saw everything they had seen. But Shakespeare was not his game. Everything he did he did with all his might and with all his soul and with all the knowledge of a lifetime. He went to England, not to buy photographs, but to study the country. Howard Pyle was the first to think he could do it all out of his head and from photographs and prints—and he confessed in the end his misspent life—in all his work, save has American subjects, which he did know and could do. And he introduced colorless colored abominations to a colorless public.

I could tell endless stories about all this, for I am about the only illustrator left in this land of forgetfulness who could. Timothy Cole might, some day I hope he will. It is all history now.

One experience with one author I should like to give:

The other day in THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW AND MAGAZINE some one wrote of Maurice Hewlett "as a neighbor saw him," and lugged me in, and in four lines made four mistakes, one in each line—that Hewlett had written a book called "Earth Work in Tuscany"; I never heard of it; that I had illustrated it, which I never did—so collectors can be calm; that I accompanied him on one of his tours. I did on both. And that Mrs. Hewlett was always along—I regret she was not. Four mistakes in four lines is pretty good!

But it is the real story of how this book was done, "The Road in Tuscany," and how other similar books were done, that I want to tell. I was asked one day by Sir Frederick Macmillan, of Macmillans of London, if I would care to illustrate a series of travel books, beginning with two on Italy. Would I? Of course, I would, and they made it worth my while. No matter about that—all, however, the up-to-date illustrator, photographer, author or phonograph thinks of—the cash he is to get!

So the first thing was to meet the author. I did not tell Macmillan I had met Hewlett already, but I had, just when he was starting, at the studio of Sullivan and Hartrick, two of the biggest illustrators England has produced, who now, owing to photography, Clement Shorter and such like, which have cheapened and lowered the art and literature of the world, cannot make a living at the profession in which they are supreme masters, I don't remember anything of the night I first met Hewlett, save his Mephistophelean smile or sneer, and I do remember that my parting was aided by a bottle of soda water being squirted over me from Sullivan's front door, his idea of a joke, Hewlett smiling, sneering in the background.

The next meeting was with Sir Frederick at the Cocoa Tree Club, under the spreading branches of that strange vegetable, the only example of which is in St. James's Street, London. And it was all arranged over a good lunch, with good food and good wine, talking most of the afternoon—not a ten minutes' lunch and a contract stuck in your face—over cold storage and ice water, with the publisher's watch out every minute that he did not rush to the ticket or the phone—and then the meetings at Hewlett's, at Macmillan's, at my place—working out plans as to how and when and where "The Road in Tuscany" was to be done. The same thing in those days would have happened here. And here, too, Drake, the art editor, or Johnson or Gilder of the Century would have arranged things in a corner of the Everett House, or on the porch of the Players, or at the Century—but now? They try to do it over the phone.

Finally, it was all worked out on paper, on an old Italian road map—how beautifully it was made and colored—that I picked up somewhere and Hewlett eventually stole, and we both started for Florence, which was to be our real starting place, Hewlett in his big motor—I don't know how he ran to it—and I on a fiery motor bicycle—which in the end, I believe, was more expensive than his car. Not for us was the Rome express—but the road—though we each went on our own. But how beautiful, how horrible, that trip of mine was—down to Newhaven. Through lovely England, with the purple tinting the black trees in Richmond Park—it was Easter—through Surrey and over the Hog's Back, by Farnham and on to the old gate in the town, and then aboard the boat. And in the morning the start from Dieppe—half English even then—and on over the hills to Evreux and coffee out of a bowl and then through the woods up on to the high plateau from which, as I gained the top, despite the balking engine, away, miles away, on the horison were the spires of Chartres—a landmark always growing larger, a haven of rest and lunch in the Duc de Chartres such as no prohibition cold storage canned American ever had or ever could appreciate. Then, in the afternoon, on to Orléans, the cathedral again coming out of the Plaine de la Beauce, and so on all across France. There were no troubles save with the machine, no formalities, no overcharging, no personally conducted droves of sight-seeing sheep—just me, the machine and France—till in a couple of days I was sailing down the Rhone into Provence, along the Riviera, then no screaming, sneaking, squalling tourists calling the country "cute"—when they saw its beauty—which even impressed them—but just beauty. And then over the high passes to Spezia and then by Carrara to Pisa. There I was to meet Hewlett.

I went to work drawing, for I did not care what he was going to write about, and as soon as he turned up I found he had not the slightest interest in what I was trying to draw. And then one day as I worked—there were not even illustrated postcards to save me labor—one afternoon as I sat on the curving riva, a carriage and pair came by with horses with plumes and jingling bells, and a driver with plumes, and within the open landau a gentleman in Edward Carpenter open-work sandals and a lady clothed and in her right mind. They paid no attention to me, but the town paid a lot of attention to them—the real *milors Inglesi* of the past. But it was not till the marble mountains had disappeared in the reflection of the lights of the river that I went back to the old Nettuno—and the university crowd who always dined there in the long tunnels and drank their chianti out of big flasks that they weighed, and then lit their *cigarre cavours* with candles on silver stands—and at the Nettuno I found Hewlett's card, and, going round the corner, found him at another hotel, and found that the people in the carriage were his guests, his friends, not to say couriers, for I also found out that Hewlett's Italian stopped more or less with the *cinque cento* period, and I also discovered what I also had imagined, that it was the gent in Carpenter sandals whom Hewlett wanted to illustrate his book, though Macmillans did not. Oh, there were complications in illustration—so they were managing Hewlett, if they were not illustrating him. He had come from Lucca and was going to San Gimignano. I was going to Lucca, and in a day or so off I went. We went it alone from the beginning. But I caught them up again in the wondrous hill town, San Gimignano, and there we stayed for days, each working or wandering by himself, meeting at dinner, though the old feeling of the place had all gone since I spent Winter days there in a room in the Town Hall, which was the inn, with windows with no glass in them; but the watchman still did his rounds on the walls, and, if we woke, told us the hour and the weather, and that all was well. And then we went on by ourselves to Volterra, where I had never been, a place of horrors, and back to Siena and days of perfect happiness in a real unspoiled Italian inn—though ever there some superior British found us out. How they worshipped Hewlett and his unreadable books—I failed with all save "The Road in Tuscany"—and slobbered over him! Still he was an artist—not artless like his successors.

Then to Monte Oliveto, that garden on a mountain top when I first knew it—ruined when, this time, I came again. Hewlett cleared out almost at once; I stayed; but the intelligent tourists have spoiled all convents, made them all into pensions and boarding houses, as they have made over, to suit themselves, the whole world. Then—but you can read it all in the book—to St. Quirico, to Pienza, to Montepulciano and the hotel which lords it over the whole Trasimenean plain, with the dark lake in the centre, and then

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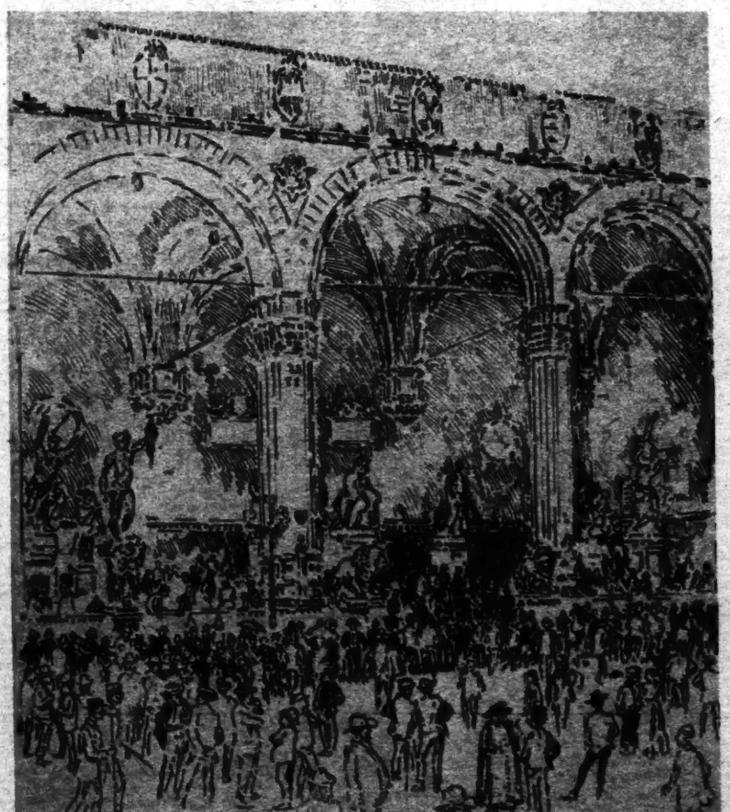

Loggia de Lanzi, Florence.

Drawings by Joseph Pennell for Maurice Hewlett's "The Road in Tuscany."

Sorolla in Chicago and in Spain

An American Student's Recollections of the Spanish Painter

By GORDON STEVENSON

JOAQUIN SOROLLA Y BASTIDA died last week in his native Spain. Just twelve years ago he came, with one or two dignitaries of the Chicago Art Institute, into the class for younger instructors whom he had volunteered to guide. There were about fifteen of us—men and women. The first impression of the Spaniard was that of a small, stockily built man, somewhat grizzled as to beard, very brown as to skin and wearing a tweed coat of a high double-breasted cut, suggestive of a German officer's uniform. His greeting to us was reserved at first, but as the morning wore on he became the father of the family, scolding here and there, but, nevertheless, nodding approval wherever he thought it was deserved.

One of his first objections was to the color—an olive drab—of the classroom walls. The point was made with vehemence. We changed the offending walls to his order by hanging huge strips of white muslin, completely covering them.

"Bueno! With such a background we can now get those reflected gray tones in the model that are worth lots of money!" So ran his satisfied comment. Thereupon he lighted a long, thin cigar. Most of the rest of the males, sensing invitation, followed suit, thereby nullifying the fire ordinances of the institute. This practice was condoned as long as Sorolla's class lasted.

He generally had William Starkweather with him, a sandy-haired Scotchman, and a good, strong painter, to do the interpreting for us. Sorolla's French was bad, and he never allowed himself time (or flatly refused) to learn English. We used to work from a nude model, or from a head in the portrait sense, or upon occasions make isolated studies of the separate features. At night he would drive us to doing drawings of heroic proportions, as though they were intended to be cartoons for decorationson a great scale. In fact, Sunday mornings often found us at it. Demoniacal incessance was his idea of work.

One day, to a small group, he showed his hands, which were then soft, and referred to a youthful period when they were very hard from labor in a blacksmith's shop. He was completely immersed in his work, or the idea of work. Perhaps it may be near the truth to say that his interest in other things was in proportion subdued. To a goodly percentage of us paint was expensive stuff. Yet he had a way of lifting us out of our meticulous methods in the use of it. He treated it like so much mud. He would stand behind a chap's work for a moment, grasp the biggest of his brushes, fatten it thoroughly, and put down an explanatory stab which in one direct gesture got over his meaning—which was that in order to paint one must first get the paint on the canvas.

"One good head," he would say, "and you have solved all the riddles. Therein lie all the problems of painting, whether they be in a landscape or any other form of subject. Above all, drawing is the backbone of art." Where steadiness of hand was required he prescribed the mahlstick. Some one brought in some prints of the work of Velasquez. Sorolla laughed delightedly. There, he pointed out, was the mahlstick in the hands of Velasquez himself, where that sober master presents his own image, with palette, in the painting "La Meninas." Earnest as he was, Sorolla was not averse to providing amusement when he saw the opportunity. One occasion found him tying a silken green ribbon about the diaphragm of a model and putting a tissue paper chrysanthemum in her hair. This done, he stepped back, took stock of the effect and pronounced her "no longer nude"!

For those weeks he was at work on portraits of Chicagoans, and the galleries of the institute were daily crowded with visitors to his exhibition. When it all drew to a close he departed for Spain and left us exhilarated and thoroughly conscious that painting demands an unimpeded circulation of the blood. Perhaps that expresses it.

In Madrid eight months later, after no great difficulty, I found, set in a high red brick wall, his green door capped with the salvete of "Casa de Sorolla"—Sorolla's house. Gaining entrance to the garden, I was led over tiled walks that bounded a small fountain and reached onward around a square pool that harbored a few ducks. The house, of white stucco, was ample, and on the way to the studio Sorolla's man José, or Juanito, ushered me politely through a reception hall beautifully simple in arrangement. This hall contained handsome pieces of antique Spanish and German furniture.

Before he left America Sorolla had invited Miss Ethel Coe and me to study with him in Madrid. At the time of my entry into his domain of work I found him engaged in conversation with a painter named Martinez, whose studio I was to share later on. Knowing something of Spanish expansiveness and rather acutely conscious of the lapse of time since I had seen him last, so far away and in such different surroundings, I wasn't quite sure whether here in his own Spain the painter would remember a mere American art student. I was almost immediately relieved. In the true fashion of Castile he embraced me with the slap on the back. My Spanish hadn't grown far at that time, and I was shown about the studio and his two large picture galleries on a tour of inspection. In the midst of it, raising his arms all-embracingly, Sorolla cried, "All American dollars!"

In these galleries at that time all the canvases were from his own hand, but I remember them at times devoted to showings of the work of other painters. The studio was spacious, and jutting out of it was an odd, small nook, or alcove, into which the sun could enter without affecting the steadiness of the light that came in through the great north window—a window very high and wide. In this little alcove he had a collection of some two hundred vivid butterflies and moths set in a glass case, a striking contrast to a near-by print by Holbein. Various other black and white prints from the old masters hung in and about this alcove. A fifteenth century saddle, Venetian draperies, mellow tapestries and what seemed a large collection of vases and pottery are held in my memory as part of his studio equipment. On the studio walls, of course, were many of his canvases, some of them incomplete.

One great treasure was a stove. I always looked forward to the effect of that stove in the intervals between my following visits during the Winter of 1911-12. I lived them at the Residencia de Estudiantes with about fifty others, Spanish students from all corners of Spain, studying law or literature or medicine at the university. We couldn't all gather about the fireplace in the library, and the braseros or "ash puddings" were makeshift affairs. Sorolla's stove was the real thing. And Madrid is cold in Winter time.

At the residencia, where I was for most of the time the only foreigner, my place at the table was next to Jimiñez, the President. He wanted my English and I profited by this circumstance. Once a week a distinguished guest came to dine, and he was usually wedged in between Jimeñez and me. These guests might be Ministers of State, or more likely of public instruction, artists, men of letters. At one time Romaflones, the Prime Minister, came, and then Sorolla.

The habit of afternoon tea—perhaps a sort of English invasion in the train of the English Queen, or a compliment to her—a gesture of noblesse oblige on the part of the courteous Spaniards—established itself at the residencia as a 5 o'clock fixture. In the Spring some señoritas whose parents indulged a modern trend of thought that freed these young ladies from the strict chaperonage system of Spain, were allowed to come and play tennis with us. Perhaps the idea of a tennis net to do one's courting over was the easy transition from doing it through balcony bars, that gave these modern parents some grace in the eyes of the more traditional of their own generation.

Just at this period Sorolla was getting started on plans for several years' work, since completed, and expected soon to adorn the Hispanic Museum in New York. These plans involved decorations, picturizations of Spanish folk of the various provinces. With Madrid as his centre, his practice was to have his big blank canvases shipped to various points and to make his excursions accordingly. One Sunday morning (my day for bringing my work for his criticism) I found Sorolla showing off, boylike, a new suit. He pointed out its merits to me, and declared that he was "going to lunch with Miss Pierpont Morgan"—Miss Anne Morgan was then in Madrid. He was quite delighted over this prospect, and with his mind in good frame he invited me to join him in Toledo four days later.

When I arrived in Toledo he had vanished, leaving no message. But an innkeeper there obligingly undertook to map out for me an itinerary of pursuit. This led to La Garters, some six or seven hours away, which is not far—in Spain. The first stage was accomplished in a coach drawn by six mules. When we hit a long, straight stretch of hard, pebbly road and were bowling along at a lively gait, one of the leaders mixed himself up and fell. Before the other five could be stopped they dragged the fallen beast some twenty yards. The driver let go about a dozen "caramba" and worse, as we descended to administer aid. I got down as well, for I wanted to examine that mule. My conclusion was that for toughness there is nothing to match. He seemed hardly hurt at all. After the coach was a train and another coach, and a walk over a hill with a suitcase that took on increasing weight at every step.

At La Garters I came upon an elderly Spanish gentleman sitting in a buggy who looked me over as if I was something rare. I mentioned Sorolla and my quest. He showed some interest and warmth, and I gathered that I was expected after all. Though this Spanish gentleman was evidently of the country, he wore the usual Continental dress of the cities, and, as it later developed, he preferred this remote village, where he could further his studies as an antiquarian. He got down from his seat and, explaining to me that Sorolla was at work in a near-by village, bade me bring my bag with me and enter his house near by.

In contrast to the blazing street the interior of that house seemed like a vault, and as I glanced into the sunny patio I could see an extraordinary collection of antiques. Mainly they seemed ancient sculpture, Roman columns and such matters. On guard were two enormous dogs with a big barnyard fowl squabbling between them. When the dust of travel was removed I started forth with the old gentleman to Sorolla's next possible hiding place, which we found apparently asleep, almost totally divested of population.

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Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida.

From a drawing by Gordon Stevenson.

Water Joy. By Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida.

Future of Lloyd George and His Party

Is the Label to Be Liberal or Labor As a Harmless Substitute?

"To affrighted imagination the advent of a Lab or Government would see the glory of England departed."

By SIR A. MAURICE LOW

The writer of this article is Washington correspondent of The London Morning Post.

WHEN Mr. Lloyd George went to the country last year he brought about a situation in his party similar to that which existed in this country when Mr. Roosevelt, in 1912, yielded to his overzealous friends and headed the short-lived Progressive Party. Mr. Roosevelt wrecked his political future, made the first election of Mr. Wilson possible, and kept his party out of office for eight years, and died a disappointed and disillusioned man. Mr. George has split his party, made the Labor Party "His Majesty's Opposition," as it is quaintly designated, and put his own party in a position of inferiority. Thus far the parallel runs.

Lloyd George was for six years the Liberal Prime Minister, but curiously enough he was never the head of the Liberal Party. Mr. Asquith, as Prime Minister, was the chief of his party, and it was by virtue of that authority he appointed Lloyd George Chancellor of the Exchequer. A few months later Mr. Asquith was forced to resign the Premiership and the King entrusted Mr. George with the formation of a Government. According to precedent Mr. George, on the assumption of the Premiership, should have become the official head of his party, but the Asquithians refused to recognise him. He had, they said, been guilty of treachery to his chief, and they would not forgive him. It was the beginning of a feud as bitter as that between the Republican Old Guard and the Progressives. Lloyd George brought into his Ministry the bluest of the blue Torys, Liberals and Laborites, but there was no portfolio for Asquith or his rigid adherents.

As a practical politician Lloyd George has few superiors in England. He saw what was coming, he knew his danger, but he could not avert it. The time must come when he would go to the country, and defeat was inevitable unless he had a party and the party machinery. For a couple of years or so before the election he had been trying to create a "Centre Party," which was to embrace Liberals, Labor and reforming Conservatives and be the rod to scourge the old parties, as Mr. Roosevelt believed the Progressive Party would chastise Republicans and Democrats. The Centre Party was never born. We are, as we have often been told, a people wedded to our traditions, who bring about reforms leisurely. Political parties are not born in England. They are the growth of a soil that has been watered in the blood of martyrs.

Mr. George was defeated, defeated at the hands of Liberals and Labor. The Labor Party, which hitherto had been merely a bloc, became a party; but, even more significant, it was the official Opposition in the House of Commons, as its strength was greater than that of either of the two wings of the Liberal Party. England, that is conservative England, men with historic names, men with great worldly possessions, men with neither names nor wealth to distinguish them, shivered.

For the moment they had been saved, but the peril was still there. A Conservative majority had been elected and Mr. Bonar Law, who had the confidence and respect of the country, was Prime Minister; but if anything happened, if through one of those violent convulsions in politics Bonar Law should be overthrown, the King would have no alternative except to send for Ramsay MacDonald, the head of the Labor Party, who sat on the front bench as the leader of the Opposition, and hand him the seals of office. There would be no way out. The Georgians would not follow the Asquithians any more than the Asquithians would serve under George's leadership. To affrighted imagination the advent of a Labor Government would see the glory of England departed.

That spectre of Labor in office need not, I think, excite immediate apprehension. Last Autumn Labor had its opportunity, but it did not have the sagacity to use it. Labor was swept into the House on a tide that was a freakish accident instead of the result of orderly causes. What happened in England in 1922 took place in the United States ten years earlier. Just as the Democrats had profited by Republican dissensions and won seats by a fluke, so Labor was the beneficiary of the three-cornered contests. It is stronger in the House of Commons than in the constituencies.

When the returns were received Labor, metaphorically, became intoxicated. It saw the Liberal Party shattered and concluded, incorrectly, that there was no longer any place in the politico-social scheme of England for a Liberal Party. The new day had dawned, and henceforth a man must be either Conservative or Labor. That a man should be a Conservative Labor could understand, because it is human frailty for men to cling to privilege and power and take advantage of the injustice of the past, which was Labor's explanation of conservatism; but that a man should call himself a Liberal, a milk-and-water nondescript, aroused the contempt of Labor. Henceforth it was a straight-out fight between Tory England and the new gospel that had come floating across Western Europe from Russia and was so eagerly championed on the Clyde and in some of the great mill towns and factory centres of England.

The complexion of the Labor Party in the House of Commons has been described as "light pink, red and ensanguined," and among its members are as many shades of opinion as there are colors. Ramsay MacDonald, for instance, is a philosophic idealist. Arthur Henderson, who sat in Lloyd George's Cabinet, is a pacifist who urged conscription because nothing else was possible, but was willing to meet German labor in conference during the war. Robert Smillie, who led the great miners' strike a few years ago, probably thinks what Barère said during the French Revolution: "Whoever is nobly born is a man to be suspected," and believes in direct action. But neither MacDonald nor Henderson knew the hardships Smillie endured, who worked in the mines in his boyhood and whose soul seems to have absorbed the bitterness of his sordid surroundings. At the other end of the scale is Sidney Webb and a few other intellectuals, who, having for many years cured all social evils with theories, are now trying to enforce them. They find themselves in queer company.

If tomorrow the Labor Party were to come into office—which it will not, or for a good many more tomorrows, either—there are well-informed Englishmen who believe the Government would be disrupted in three months. so incongruous are its elements. Ramsay MacDonald would, as a matter of course, be Prime Minister, and then would begin a contest for control between the moderates and the extremists. With MacDonald would be the moderates of the type of Henderson, George Barnes, John R. Thomas, Philip Snowden and Sidney Webb; opposed to them would be Smillie, John Jones of West Ham, Tom Johnson, the editor of the Socialist paper Forward; James Maxton and John Wheatley, two of the quartet of Scotch members who were recently suspended for calling members murderers and liars and refusing to apologise; and other men equally as violent in their language and actions. There would not be even the restraining influence of the responsibility of power to sober them. Reformers are always in a hurry and scorn the virtue of compromise. They would, in the cause of reform, purge the party of their own weaklings to effect the greater reform.

The cardinal planks of the Labor platform at the last election were the nationalisation of industry and a capital levy. During the war, for the first time in the memory of this generation, British industry was brought under State control, and now that the State has loosed its grip there is no desire, the emergency of the war being over, for that power to be restored. England discovered what America has learned; that the less government there is in business the better it is both for Government and business, and, having learned our lesson, we are satisfied.

A capital levy, however much it may be sugarcoated or ingeniously worded, means confiscation. There is to be no discrimination made—or if there is, Labor has not mentioned it—between the ill-gotten gains of the war profiteer and the savings of the thrifty and the industrious. That program does not appeal to the great English middle class, from which the Liberal Party heretofore has been largely recruited. Instead of Liberals going to Labor, they will be driven into the Conservative Party; it is there only they will feel safe.

The policies of Labor might have been examined with greater tolerance if Labor had not brought the manners of the pothouse into Parliament. Parliament is an institution which Englishmen respect, even though they are free critics of its members; but it is a shock to them when the House of Commons is degraded to the level of a Saturday night brawl. Stupidly, because it was a wanton affront to tradition and nothing was gained by it, the Labor members a short time ago, to show their defiance of the established order, sang "The Red Flag" during a sitting, and the House had to be hurriedly adjourned to save the remnant of its dignity. One may be sure that neither Mr. MacDonald nor Mr. Henderson nor other moderates joined in this outburst; but the hold of the leaders over their followers is slender in the extreme. It is a party if not of all the talents at least of all the temperaments. When you have a party whose members range from light pink to deep crimson, you have a wide opportunity for that display of indiscipline which makes leaders, if they are wise, refrain from giving orders.

Recently Mr. Philip Snowden was invited by The London Morning Post, the organ of Conservatism, to present the aims of the Labor Party through its columns. Mr. Snowden cooed as mildly as a sucking dove. Labor was not as dangerous as it was painted; Labor, of course, was going to effect reforms; but no one need be alarmed; property was to pass from the hands of private individuals to those of the State, but gradually and painlessly. Every one was to have his cake as well as eat it, and more to the same tenor. Which aroused one of the Socialist papers to scorn and satire. "We are as a party," the paper said, "becoming obsessed with the idea that the next general election will see us in power. To get that power we must not scare anybody—especially the middle-class voter. Anything in the cargo we carry likely to frighten off a sympathetic bourgeois must be jettisoned; the sturmtruppen must be hidden away with the camp followers in the rear; the host that is to march forward to the destruction of capitalism is to be disguised as volunteer welfare workers with elastic-sided boots out for an excursion; we are to promise to do nobody any harm; every change is to be so gradual that no exploiter need be unduly worried; the kingdom of man is to come by stealth"; and this attitude will make the Labor Party "tame and harmless substitutes for the old Liberal Party."

There is nothing more uncertain than politics, but there is nothing more foolish than to read chaos in the ballot box. The Republican Party, we were told, was destroyed in 1912. The Democratic Party was destroyed as recently as three years ago, but to the confusion of the prophets both parties appear, to a detached observer, not to require the immediate services of the undertaker even if one, or both, should need the attention of a physician. The Liberal Party of England is not dead. Great political parties—parties with principles which are to their believers a secular faith—do not go down before a single defeat. Liberalism in England is a heritage. It is a party of fine and noble achievement; it has had great aspirations and ideals; it has given to England statesmen whom the English admire, even although they have not always respected their politics. England would be the poorer were the Liberal Party to be a memory instead of a living force in politics.

Asquith and George know that a reunion at the present time is impossible. "If Lloyd George is a Liberal, then Gladstone was not, and I was brought up in the principles of Gladstone," the Asquithian says. The Georgeites retort that if Gladstone were living today he would support those policies Lloyd George espouses. That is not very different from what we heard in 1912. Progressives and Republicans made their appeal in the name of Lincoln; it was with the certitude of revelation both declared Lincoln would be with them today. To invoke the patronage of the dead is a trick as old as politics itself.

We shall see a revivified and reunited Liberal Party. This is less prediction than it is the obvious. In the fullness of time the present Government must grow stale, and it will be succeeded either by a Liberal or Labor Government. Between Liberal and Labor there is a gulf even wider than between Liberal and Conservative. Necessity will close the breach and the Liberal Party, whether under the leadership of Lloyd George or a new man, will be a party of liberal and progressive ideas without the taint of socialism and communism that makes the thought of a Labor Government such a fearful thing to the middle class of England.

French Revolution Dramatized in a Russian Novel

End of the Terror Forms the Climax of "Ninth Thermidor"

A Review by
ALEXANDER I. NAZAROFF

UNVIATOS TERMIDORA (THE NINTH THERMIDOR). By M. A. Aldanoff. Berlin: "Slovo" Publishing House.

HISTORY has on its record few days that would equal in intense dramatic interest and political importance the Ninth Thermidor (July 27), 1794, when Maximilien Robespierre, the powerful dictator, fell from the altar on which he was worshipped like the god of the French Revolution and was carried to a cell of the Conciergerie, in which he was abused like a vile outlaw. When, after a short battle that took place in the night of 9-10 Thermidor, the troops of the Convention entered the Hôtel de Ville, Robespierre's last stronghold, they found the dictator lying in a sea of blood which poured from his jaw, smashed by a pistol shot. Historians do not know, and probably will never know, whether it was an attempted suicide or an attempted murder. But, after all, this interesting dramatic detail is of no importance, for the guillotine accomplished what the bullet had left undone and Robespierre's head was thrown into the same "fosse commune" in which lay the heads of King Louis XVI. and the numberless victims of the Terror.

It is this significant day that lent the title to Aldanoff's historical novel which has become the book of the day in current Russian literature. One of the best and most learned of Russian essayists, Aldanoff combines a wealth of historical and philosophical equipment with a rare refinement and elegance of style, Russian as well as French. He is a typical "gourmet" of learning, an epicurean among old books, gifted with an unmistakable feeling for historical epochs. He charms the reader with a paradoxical twist of thought, always slightly skeptical, always original and refined.

The French Revolution is the greatest of his hobbies, and reading his fascinating novel you feel that the precision of details, the understanding of the atmosphere and the knowledge of facts, presented with such a graceful lightness, are the result of long and patient study of documents preserved at the Bibliothèque Nationale, Hôtel des Invalides, Carnavalet, Malmaison and other museums and libraries of the French capital.

The plot of his elaborate novel is tied in Petrograd, far away from the atmosphere of the revolutionary and turbulent Paris. Count S. G. Zorich, a good-natured and immoral magnate, one of the former lovers of Empress Catherine II., sends Staal, his 18-year-old protégé, from his South Russian estate to Petrograd, or St. Petersburg, as it was then. On the part of Count Zorich this is a move in a very complicated scheme which he is trying to carry out: the good-looking youngster may appeal to the tastes of the old Empress and replace Prince Zuboff, Zorich's mortal enemy, as her official lover (for at Catherine II.'s court this was almost an official institution). But the scheme proved a failure and Staal, still ignorant of the unsuccessful intrigue that was built on his good looks, accepts very willingly a more or less fictitious diplomatic mission meant to remove him for a time from St. Petersburg; he is entrusted with investigating the situation of the French émigrés in London.

The painting of the Catherinian Russia by Aldanoff is brilliant and colorful. But still more fascinating are scenes taking place in the salon of Count Vorontsoff, the Russian Ambassador in London. At his receptions Staal meets the omnipotent Pitt, Talleyrand de Perigord, Priestley, Burke and other stars of the political world. And you cannot help admiring the art with which Aldanoff transforms history into a fascinating novel. Here is, for instance, the portrait of Talleyrand, one of the most original and interesting figures of those years:

> At the age of 4 years he fell from a chest of drawers, stretched his ankle and remained half-lame for the rest of his life. This accident shaped his future destiny; instead of becoming a warrior he became an abbé, a career of which in his youth he could not think without horror. * * * He did not believe in God * * * but this did not perplex him; he knew that there were atheists even among Cardinals. * * * Much more was he perplexed with other inconveniences entailed by an ecclesiastic career; but they also proved to be not unavoidable. At 25 years of age the young abbé had such a past and such a reputation that the old Marshal de Richelieu, the famous débauché of the time of Louis XV., told his friends with a sorrowful sigh: "To be sure, this youngster Talleyrand will outdo me by far." The friends only shrug their shoulders in astonishment, wondering how the old Marshal could be outdone in his specialty. * * *
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> In July, 1789, when the first revolutionary storms were raging over Paris, Talleyrand—then already Bishop of Autun—called on Count d'Artois, Louis XVI.'s brother, and, with a charming smile, revealed to him his scheme for suppressing the disorders:
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> The bewildered Count d'Artois reported that the Deputies could not be disbanded without a battle and that consequently bloodshed would take place. Talleyrand, with the same pleasant and modest smile, confirmed that this would be probably the case, but that he would assume the responsibility of eventual bloodshed. * * * Count d'Artois was amazed. He thought he knew Talleyrand well and, as others, he appreciated him very highly. He did not understand how this effeminate, pleasantly smiling society man * * * could not only suggest such horrible things, but also offer his services in order to carry them out.
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> He awakened the King and informed him of Talleyrand's scheme; but the sleepy monarch (the conversation took place at night) declined the offer. "A grimace distorted Talleyrand's face. But a moment later the old, pleasantly indifferent smile reappeared on his lips, and he explained to the Count, in most polite expressions, that everybody had the right of jeopardizing himself, but that it was no one's duty to do so." And, preserving the same smile on his lips, he sided with the revolutionists. Later on, however, he thought it wiser to go to England.
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> Eager to see the French Revolution with his own eyes, Staal goes to Paris in the rôle of Pitt's secret agent. He arrives there on the eve of the September assassinations of 1789. Here, again, the slender thread of Staal's adventure is overwhelmed by the historical panorama so masterfully novelized by Aldanoff. At that time the days when the liberal French aristocrats could praise "the great bloodless revolution" were over and the guillotine received with equal hospitality those who were "suspected" of royalist sympathies and those who were "suspected of being suspected" (soupçonné d'être suspecté), those who, contrary to the Jacobin prescriptions, did not believe in the "immortality of soul" and those who believed in it in keeping with the teaching of the persecuted Catholic Church—the Jacobins, who, enriched by plunder and speculation, drowned their mistresses in wine at a secret gambling den of the Palais-Egalité, and the paupers who formed lines in front of the bakeries of the starving capital (for famine seems to be an unavoidable by-product of every revolution).
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> Aldanoff draws a series of unforgettable scenes at the Jacobin Club, at the Place de la Révolution, where the twenty-one Girondists, the most brilliant minds and orators of the Convention, ascended the steps of the guillotine singing "La Marseillaise," and in the small house of the Rue St. Honoré, where, in the family of the old carpenter Duplay, lived the sentimental ideologist of the pitiless terror, Maximilien Robespierre.
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> In his prophetic wisdom Count de Mirabeau predicted that France would be saved from the hands of fanatics by rascals. And the day of Ninth Thermidor made good his prophecy.
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> One by one Aldanoff introduces to the reader the leaders of the Thermidor conspiracy. Especially good is the portrait of the famous Fouché, ex-priest, ex-professor of theology, a pitiless terrorist, subsequently Duke of Otranto and famous Prefect of Police, "who served all régimes and betrayed each one of them at the best chosen moment." On the eve of the Thermidor coup he called on Carnot, told the "organizer of the victory" (Carnot was very fond of this nickname) that Robespierre was dissatisfied with his activities. * * * After tears showed in the eyes of the perplexed and offended patriot Fouché, also with tears in his eyes, embraced him, called him "Caton" and left reassured: "He knew that the military section would not fight for Robespierre." In conversation with a Royalist plotter he said that the Dauphin, imprisoned at the Temple, was going to be executed, and that Royalists willing to die for the descendant of Henry IV. should sharpen their swords. "He intoned, even, in a broken voice, the first notes of the Royalist hymn, 'Richard, O mon roi! L'univers t'abandonne!' but coughed, choked and went—to a terrorist dissatisfied with Robespierre's moderation." The latter was, in Fouché's eyes, a complete idiot and it was not difficult to persuade him that Robespierre was going to marry Madame Royale, Louis XVI.'s daughter (this accusation was later on repeated in the convention). Leaving the indignant terrorist, Fouché remembered that he had to meet Charlotte Robespierre; "in order to lull the suspicions of her brother he was going to ask the grouchy old maid to marry him. Charlotte did not know that the ex-priest was already married."
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> The novel attains its dramatic climax in the description of the historical meeting of the convention that took place in the morning of the Ninth Thermidor. A French writer (Gustave Le Bon) says that Robespierre was the only tyrant in the world history who built his power not on the force of an army, but on a mysterious psychological spell: the convention—not to speak of the country—feared his eloquence just as much as it hated him. Aldanoff has fully succeeded in showing how this spell was shaken off. The cold, expressionless face of Saint-Just, Robespierre's ally, whose hand imitated the guillotine in a well-studied gesture accompanying his speech which would actually mean guillotine to all the Thermidorians, should their scheme fail; the dead silence of the convention listening to him in a lethargy of fear; the figure of Tallien rushing into the convention and fixing his eyes, full of bestial hatred, on Saint-Just and Robespierre—all these details are accumulated with a perfect architectural skill. Tallien, whose speech, as it is known, overthrew Robespierre, was aware of the fact that, among other Thermidorians, he was included in Robespierre's proscription list. But he was not afraid for himself; all the thoughts of this man, burned out by passions, were with Thérèse Cabarrus, who was also going to die. (Thérèse Cabarrus, ex-Marchioness de Fontenay, subsequently Tallien's wife and Barras's mistress, is known in history under the name of "Notre-Dame de Thermidor.") The magic effect produced by his wild tirade was so conspicuous that Aldanoff had little to add to the records of history, which, in this case, proved to be a very talented playwright. No imagination could invent a more tragical scene than that which took place when the enraged convention shouted to the coughing Robespierre, "Danton's blood chokes you. * * * Get off this seat; this is the seat where sat Vergniaud, whom you assassinated. * * * Get off, this was Condorcet's seat. * * *."
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> The last scene of Aldanoff's novel is laid against the background of the "fosse commune," the revolutionary cemetery. Staal, who observed from the balcony the famous meeting of the convention, stands in the humble cabin of the cemetery guardian. He perceives on the wall a document in a black frame and, through the dirty, dim glass, he begins to read:
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> Acte de décès de
> Louis Capet, du vingt-un janvier dernier, dix heures vingt-deux minutes du matin, profession, dernier roi des Français, âgé * * *, natif * * *, exécuté sur la Place de la Révolution en vertu. * * *
>
> Looking in horror at the arriving chariot which brings to the cemetery the bodies of Robespierre and other victims of the Ninth Thermidor, listening to the merry conversations of grave diggers, Staal thinks: "Where is the sense of this tragedy? Or, maybe its sense is in that that it is senseless? Impossible." Staal, brought up, as all young Russians of the Catherine's time, in the spirit of the French rationalistic philosophy, cannot admit it. "I do not understand the sense of life, of history. But there must be a deep, eternal meaning contained in them." Passing, on his way home, near the Notre Dame de Paris he ascends the Gothic peak of the great cathedral; his eyes are caught by the statue of The Thinker, of the "Diable-Penseur," the famous chimera adorning the balustrade: "* * * Stretching out his long, dark, frightful, horned, The Thinker looked down into the precipice where men were living and swarming."

Such an ending may seem to the reader a little overskeptical. But it is characteristic that the tinge of skepticism shadows also the work of the famous French writer who, depicting the same turbulent years, expressed the same feeling. I mean Anatole France's novel "Les dieux ont soif." There is a great difference of method between these two books; the French writer spun a splendid imaginative novel on the background of history while Aldanoff, as it was already said, transformed history into a novel. But the similarity of spirit is evident, and one may ask one's self whether the subject in question can be treated in a different way.

"The Ninth Thermidor" is a complete novel, an altogether self-sufficient literary entity; but it is also the first page of a historical trilogy embracing the period 1793-1823. The publication of the third part ("Sainte Hélène, la petite île") preceded "The Ninth Thermidor." It is a brilliant and graceful sketch depicting the last days of Napoleon's life which, two years ago, scored a great success in Paris.

Robespierre.
From an Engraving by Levacher.

The Night of 9-10 Thermidor Before the Hotel de Ville. Robespierre, Couthon and St. Just Declared Traitors.
From Helman's Engraving.

A Thousand and One Gardens

Where Beside Old Virginia Houses They Bloom From the Sea to the Mountains

A Review by
H. I. BROCK

HISTORIC GARDENS OF VIRGINIA. *Compiled by the James River Garden Club. Edited by Edith Tunis Sale. With more than 200 illustrations, including many in color, and forty-four plans of gardens. Limited edition. Richmond, Va., William Byrd Press.*

VIRGINIANS brought from old England their custom of country houses and the gardens that rightly go with them. Both the houses and the gardens, how so much founded on Georgian models and rooted in Tudor precedent, came to have a character more Virginian than English. It was a character inherent in a frontier country where years have to do the work of centuries in building up and where the impatient pace of progress will not hold back to keep step with the sedate processional of an ordered and box-bordered life, however carefully transplanted from the elder land.

Many a Virginian's house was planned to be a gentleman's seat and descend to his sons and his sons' sons. Many a Virginian's garden was laid out and terraced and hedged, set with roses and planted with seeds from England, so that it might be the delight of the mistress of the house, and after her the continuing joy of the successors that her sons and her sons' sons should bring to rule over both house and garden.

Frankly intended to support a certain state—life on the grand scale—these Virginia "seats" often were. The Georgian and the classical were combined into the dignity of the Southern Colonial. The father of democracy, Thomas Jefferson, ruined himself by building the most grandiloquent of all these seats on a mountain top, planed off smooth to provide a level lawn and a commanding view at once. Mr. Jefferson was frequently called in as consulting architect by his brother Virginians.

And very formal and spacious were the plans of many of the gardens. They were copies from English gardens that the accumulating years had made perfect. They were furnished with terraces, with walls, with hedges, with rare imported fruits and flowers. For many of these Virginia planters were as rich in tobacco as they were aristocratic in tradition—however democratic in politics. It was the irony of fate, perhaps, that Mr. Jefferson, who was so busy a builder, was author of the bill which removed the law of primogeniture from the Virginia system—that law of descent to the eldest son which tends to keep estates together and allow big houses and large gardens to grow old in the same family.

Virginia is still a country of gardens—of many gardens. But they are apt to be gardens, if not run wild, at least more than a little neglected in their formality. They are overgrown with honeysuckle where trim borders were meant to be, the pattern of the flower beds is marred by the falling of an apple tree that shouldn't rightly have been there at all. The old-fashioned roses are running riot over the half-rifled grape trellises and the ancient asparagus bed is rankly devouring the plots where the peas and strawberries ought to flourish. A paling fence has got somehow where the box hedge used to grow so stiffly green and still remains a straggling memory. There is a hum of bees about at noonday and at dusk a creepy reluctance toward venturing along certain paths for fear of snakes. And in the dew of morning no escaping wet feet in the ice-grass-grown greasy walks.

No one who has grown up among them remembers Virginia gardens—one's grandmother's garden, perhaps. To be sure, one may remember, also not without awe, that great squared and clipped and glorious garden with high-walled alleys and archways of green and mazes for kids and seek. One's grandmother's naughty sister ruled there—she who came to fetch you in her coach with cream-colored horses and Damon, the black coachman, who seemed so much more companionable than his mistress.

One's mother's garden was apt to be simpler still—a new little garden in a town lot, perhaps. In it were geraniums and verbenas set out in beds and rambling roses. But always in Virginia there were gardens. And flowers and vegetables both had places there. Even the colored folks' cabins, as Miss Mary Johnston writes in the preface to this book—even these cabins had their garden plots with bright red blooming things in them and tall sunflowers and blue morning glories along the fence.

It is a big thick book with 350 pages of text and 225-and-odd illustrations. In its amazing repertory of gardens are all sorts of gardens of the James River and York River and Potomac River gentry and the Piedmont gentry and those in the valley beyond the Blue Ridge and even beyond that. Naturally and properly, there are pictures of these gentry's solid brick houses or their rambling wooden houses or their pretentious mansions with massive white-pillared porticos against the red of old brick. Long, low houses close to the shore, square tree-embowered houses on hilltops overlooking the river of Powhatan, double-winged great houses with lofty columns on terraces in the midst of sweeping lawns and wide fields—there they are for your envy and delight.

Very pleasing reproductions in color are provided of paintings of bits of the gardens that belong to these houses, some of them rather famous houses. For instance, Castle Hill of the Riveses, done by Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy; Westover of the Byrds and Shirley of the Carters, done by Ashton Wilson; Tuckahoe of the Randolphs, by E. L. Coolidge; Montpelier of the Madisons, by H. D. Scott. There are elaborate plots and plans, also in color, of these and scores of other gardens, and pictures (after photographs) of almost every country house of consideration still or recently standing in the Commonwealth—that is, by a little anyway, the oldest of our united Commonwealths.

The editor sets out very modestly that it is a compilation of amateurs—lovers of gardens and not professors of letters. Generally each garden seems to have been written about by a member of a family (so to say) closely related to it, often of the family that planned it, sometimes of the family that came by it honestly (if not by inheritance) and still cherishes it. It appears that a surprising number of these gardens remain in the original families that planted them two hundred or more years ago. Many more have either been kept up by successive owners or carefully restored.

Each writer about a garden—more often it is she than he—is apt to wax a bit lyrical or grow insidiously gossippy. One or both. There is a deal about ancestors—house builders, garden builders, nation builders. And that is quite right. For this also is history—the very heart of history, the houses and the gardens where the mothers and the children have their kingdom. Gardens are also for lovers. You may read here that General Robert E. Lee courted Mary Custis in the garden at Chatham, where the Fitzhughs lived, overlooking the Rappahannock.

Four gardens of Presidents are among those pictorially and lyrically presented.—Washington's, Jefferson's, Madison's, Monroe's—to each President his pillared portico and his roses. And there are also gardens of the twice Presidential family of Harrison, of Brandon upper and lower, set beside the James, running its deep yellow flood to the Chesapeake and the sea. Was it not Mary, mother of Washington (and somewhat of a problem in her old age to her illustrious son)—was it not Mary who in a short skirt of linsey was raking the leaves in her garden at Fredericksburg when she received the Marquis of Lafayette?

And was it not James Madison who built his mansion of Montpelier so spaciously and so tactfully in order that nothing might "rupture the harmony of the household"? For it contained in separate establishments the celebrated and vivacious Dolly and that "venerable dame Mother Madison." Each lady had her kitchen, her stairway, her rooms of privacy and state, and neither need invade the other's domain.

And was it not Colonel Archibald Cary who dwelt at Ampthill, where the first iron furnaces in Virginia were, and where also there were gardens? Colonel Cary's old house stands weathered and solid, with its long-useless paneled ballroom. But of the gardens are left only the straggly remains of box borders mingled with lilacs, and lilies white, tawny and yellow, with snowdrops and jonquils. They were formal gardens once. But it was the master of Ampthill who achieved in history a fine old Roman gesture. It was when the talk ran of making Patrick Henry dictator of Virginia, all because Mr. Jefferson, then Governor, was fleeing to the mountains from Colonel Tarleton's redcoat cavalry. "Tell Colonel Henry," so spake Colonel Cary, who was Speaker of the House of Burgesses—"tell Colonel Henry that the day that sees him dictator shall find my dagger in his heart."

If you fancy this oratory strays a long way off from gardens, with their roses and honeysuckle and the hum of bees, remember that the Roman fathers of the Republic, so ready with phrases, were also makers of gardens—these very gardens.

However, at Mount Airy, the seat of the Taylors, between the Potomac and the Rappahannock, is a very marvelous garden indeed. "In the wall they will show you the place where the old copper still was set in Colonial times, where the roses of that garden were distilled into rose water."

Moonshining, indeed!

The House at Tuckahoe From the Box Garden. Jefferson Schoolhouse in the Foreground.
Painting by E. L. Coolidge.

Westover and Its Garden.
Painted by Ashton Wilson.

German Novelist Finds Americans a Nation of Hunters

"And Evenings They Sit by the Fire and Talk of Their Spoils"

A Review by
T. R. YBARRA

BRIEFE AUS AMERIKA (LETTERS FROM AMERICA). By Gustav Frenssen. Berlin: G. Grote'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung.

GUSTAV FRENSSEN—as famous a novelist as there is living in Germany today—declares that he was the first German of eminence to lecture among us after the war. A quiet, peaceable man, Frenssen was overwhelmed and bewildered by the mad life in our cities. He found no beauty in American bigness. Throughout his stay among us, a reader may easily see, he yearned for the rural peace of his native Holstein, which he has extolled in "Jörn Uhl" and the other novels which have given him high rank in his native Germany. Frenssen came to America smarting from the defeat suffered by his native land in the war, convinced of the righteousness of her cause, bitter against her enemies. In the Americans he saw the people who had profited most from Germany's misfortunes; he felt that the United States had not kept her promises to the Germans.

Yet, strange to say, Frenssen liked America. He liked us, so to speak, in spite of himself.

Frenssen kept much of his bitterness to himself while he was in America. He had been warned that there would be plenty of opposition to his lectures in any event; that patriotic organizations might enter emphatic objection to his talking at all. Nevertheless, he was outspoken at more than one lecture; and, frequently, in conversations he gave free rein to his beliefs about the war. As for the letters written by him to those at home—which now form his book—there is no reticence whatever in them. What he thinks he says straight out.

And yet, as has been observed, he liked us. In spite of discovering any number of things which repelled him, in spite of war memories which constantly kept taking the joy out of his life among the Americans, in spite of the dreadful way in which (according to him) we acted with regard to Germany in general and the Fourteen Points in particular, Gustav Frenssen testifies to a curious, unwilling sort of affection for us.

He recognized similarities between the American countryside and his beloved Holstein. He saw in America a country of tomorrow. To the Americans, he believes, the future belongs—despite the fact that, according to him, the shame of the Fourteen Points is branded upon our flag as clearly as the glory of the Thirteen Stripes.

The very first glimpse of New York displeased Herr Frenssen. "I had supposed," he writes, "that there were in New York five or ten gigantic buildings, but there are hundreds." Skyscrapers, to him, implied nothing like genius in those who had reared them; and, most emphatically, he found in these huge structures absolutely no trace of beauty. Rather, he found them out-and-out ugly—"like a giant who suddenly jumps out in the midst of a crowd of people."

"I notice," he goes on, "that the Americans wish to hear that all this has made a tremendous impression upon me. But this is not the case. It does not astonish me in the slightest and I feel not the slightest trace of reverence. Am I a man who believes in measuring greatness with a yardstick? No, I measure with beauty."

Anyway, he found plenty of beauty and general attractiveness, did this solemn old German writer, in American women. Several times in his letters he states that the American girl knows how to walk—far better than her sisters in Europe.

"Whereas girls in Germany," he writes, "walk with stiff limbs, here they give play to every part of their bodies. It is strange how human beings in such an old land as Europe must learn to walk anew. But, mark my words, they will learn how some day—and they will learn from these American girls."

After these pleasant words he soon returns, though, to his growling. He was taken on a motor ride through the streets of New York, and found nothing but ugliness in the mighty traffic of the metropolis. He found what he saw wild, at times impressive, but never, never beautiful.

"The song of a child sitting on the threshold of a hut can move one," he declares, "but when, along a big street, there are a thousand musicians, each playing a different tune, and many of these are ugly tunes, what possible effect can it have on my soul?"

Frenssen declares that the dollar rules in America; yet he acknowledges that King Dollar has some good points.

"The dollar brings life to everything," he writes; "it drives everything forward. * * * Nothing is stagnant in America. * * * One can imagine a poet in this land singing a lofty song of praise to gold, for the blessings of its influence shine everywhere. Gold and lust for gold cause some frightful things, but far more numerous are the blessed results coming from them."

The German novelist's lecture tour took him all over the United States. From New York he went westward, visiting Indianapolis, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and many other cities. He went to Vassar College at Poughkeepsie and greatly admired the hundreds of pretty girl students there. He sojourned for short spells in small Western cities—"all alike," according to him—with ugly "Main Streets," never a bit of noble art, never, anywhere, "a cheerful inn."

"The Americans," he complains, "are people of the present, swept onward by the present, always just getting up, always just ready to go somewhere else, people who have as yet no time for quiet and beauty. * * * How it must strike to the heart of these people, for none of whom this earth is a home, to travel through England, Holland, Germany and Italy, and see people living quietly in a land that is their home."

In the United States, he says, there are no villages. Small towns he found a-plenty, but no villages like those he loves in his native land. And, though he saw a hundred thousand automobiles, not once did he see a fine pair of horses harnessed to a fine carriage. Likewise, the United States is a land without pedestrians, he declares; people there, he says, are pedestrians only by accident. If a motorist meets a pedestrian on a road he offers him a ride, deeming that something must be the matter to make the poor fellow go afoot.

It was a great relief to Gustav Frenssen to get on a steamer bound homeward, to turn his face once more toward the little German village where he has his home, toward the villagers whom he has depicted in the novels which have made him famous. And yet, in spite of everything, in spite of the lack of beauty in our cities, the lack of repose in our manner of living, he is convinced that ours is a land with a superb future. So far, to his way of thinking, the Americans have not suffered enough; riches have come too easily to them. Before they can be really great, really a nation, they must go through years of suffering like all other nations which have attained greatness and prosperity.

The Americans [he writes] are always saying cheerfully, carelessly and lightly: "All right!" It is their pet phrase. It is a phrase appropriate to wanderers, pioneers, sportsmen, hunters. Americans are hunters, and always they have been lucky at hunting. They have hunted Indians and buffaloes, negroes and Spaniards and Germans, gold and copper and oil wells, and always luck has smiled upon them. And evenings they sit by the fire, and talk of their spoils.

Cares? Reflections? Right or wrong? Hunters do not ask questions about such things. Americans are now going through an era like that which Rome went through when it reached the Adriatic coast, Spain when it dispatched Columbus, England when it laid hands on South Africa and India. They are a people in the bloom of its springtime, favored and blessed by God because of its freshness, brilliancy and efficiency.

But remember, all that is right and valuable contains something tragic and sad. Individuals and peoples alike, everything that is worth anything bears the noble mark of guilt, remorse and need on its brow. All the older nations carry this mark and do not seek to deny it: Spain, Holland, Sweden, England, France, Germany. Creation is tragic. The American people do not bear this old, holy sign of creation; in America there is no scar, complaint, remorse, want, error. Everything there is still mathematically clear; everything comes out just as it should. Everything there is still "all right!"

The soul of Gustav Frenssen is summed up in this sentence from the last letter in his book:

"Now I am again in my village, under my thatch roof!"

There speaks the man who loves quiet, who delights in little things, who loves humble folk and humble doings and the scents and songs of the countryside. We have such things in America—but Gustav Frenssen did not find them. He was whirled too violently from city to city, vouchsafed glimpses of nothing but American speed and fierceness and madness. These were not for him—he suffocated in our midst.

"Americans are hunters, and always they have been lucky at hunting."

A Self-Made Englishman

ALFRED YARROW, HIS LIFE AND WORK. Compiled by Eleanor C. Barnes (Lady Yarrow). Foreword by Viscount Knutsford. Illustrated. 328 pp. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50.

SIR ALFRED YARROW is a typical example of the self-made man in England. Beginning with nothing after five years of apprenticeship to a firm of marine engineers, he made his way by his own abilities and by the value to the public of the service he gave it, achieved professional success and fame and honor, won rich financial reward and finally received from his sovereign the honor of a baronetcy in recognition of the worth of his labors to the nation. When the war broke out he had just retired, at the age of 72, from active connection with his shipbuilding works on the Clyde, with its branch shipyard at Victoria, British Columbia, and looked forward to years of quiet, happy life in his home in the south of England. But at once he stepped into the harness again and all through the conflict was particularly active in the building of destroyers, his yard turning out about thirty of these boats. He had been well known in naval construction circles before the war for the success of this branch of his work. It was for the value of this contribution to the British implements of war that he was made a baronet in 1916.

Lady Yarrow writes the story of his very interesting life with dignity and reserve, but with full appreciation of its solid and fine achievement and of the evidently rich and lovable character of the man himself. She tells her story with excellent discrimination, never allowing herself to be lured into inconsequent detail, although she describes comprehensively a number of Sir Alfred's mechanical inventions and developments which will be more interesting to the engineer than to the general reader. Her account of her husband's early years makes a charming human document, with its anecdotes of the contrivances with which as a child he sought to save himself trouble, inventions as ingenious and as little appreciated as were some of those of his later life. In his middle teens, when telegraphy was in its infancy, he and a young friend put up a line above the house tops in London between their homes, the first private wire to be used in London, to the great consternation, fear and even strenuous objection of some of the people over whose houses it passed. Two or three years later he and this same friend constructed a steam plow which proved practicable but did not appeal to the British farmer.

His energy and ability inspired such confidence in two or three friends that Yarrow was able, while he was still in his early 'teens, to launch a very modest shipyard on the Isle of Dogs in the Thames River where he built steam launches. In line with this work was the later development of high-speed boats for which his firm came to be especially noted, and the long and close connection with the Admiralty in the construction of torpedo boat destroyers. The Yarrow boiler, developed in his yards after much experiment, was one of the factors in the high speed his boats attained. It was a trip to America in 1890 which led Yarrow to investigate the causes of vibration in steam vessels, and after some years of study and experiment enabled him, in combination with two others, to develop a type of marine engine which went far toward the elimination of this source of discomfort and was soon very generally adopted.

Thinning Ranks of Sidewalk Vendors

Gone Are the Apple Marys and the Woman With the Baskets Festooned With Pretzels

By F. A. AUSTIN

YEAR by year the sidewalk vendors of New York become fewer in number and variety. Like the hand-organ grinder and his monkey and the German band they have had their day. Gone are the Apple Marys and the women of the pretzel baskets, the Shoelace Man and the Poodle Dog Man. The scent of sweet lavender is missing from the curb and the Kitten and Rabbit Woman is no more to be seen. Twenty-third Street no longer hums with spinning tops or crawls with mechanical toys. You hunt in vain for the son of Italy with the fortune-telling parrakeets. Bryant Park has been deserted by the telescope operator who capitalized Venus and the moon. The criers of "Hot corn," "Hot tamales," "Chili concarne" and "Hot dogs" have stilled their voices.

There remains only the buttermilk stand on wheels, with its white horse sleeping upright in the shafts of the white wagon, which has kept Ben Franklin company for a quarter century beside his perch in Park Row, opposite City Hall Park.

Occasionally there flits about Park Row among the newsboys a man with a basket festooned with pretzels, sole survivor of the crew which formerly doled out sustenance by the cent. Occasionally there drifts through the offices and workrooms of Printing House Square a bent Italian woman bearing a basket of fruit, according to its season, and penny candy, but her appearances are irregular and she has none of the character which, no less than the bloom of their cheeks, stamped the original Apple Marys as a distinctive feature of the city's street life.

Many factors have combined to obliterate these nomads of the hawking industry, once as familiar to wayfarers as the streets they trod uptown and downtown in their particular locale. Chief among these factors have been the sidewalk fruit-stands, jutting out from in front of a building or spread over the unused steps of a cellar, and the corner soft-drink stands where fruit juices have displaced foaming lager; the organization of merchants in specific zones, and, through their efforts, the fixing by ordinance of districts in which unlicensed street vendors are not allowed to peddle.

Able, in the beginning, to undersell their competitors who carried their stock in trade in a basket, the Greeks and Armenians, who now monopolize the fruit stand business under license, demanded that their unlicensed rivals be forced either to take out licenses or abandon their fixed posts. The police were instructed to enforce the law without favor, and, unable or unwilling to pay for a right which they had considered inherent, the Apple Marys, the pretzel women and the vendors of hot, hand-carried eatables were harried from pillar to post until they surrendered to the inevitable, and Park Row, the Bowery and the financial district, their chief habitats, saw them no more.

With the Apple Marys, part and parcel of "Little Old New York" and of the generation born before the birth of the Greater City, disappeared the source of much good newspaper "copy" and to a large extent the best eating apples. Apple Mary, in the mass, had the blarney, wit and repartee of her Irish forebears always at her tongue's end and was a match for the most impertinent of the urchins who formed a large percentage of her customers. But she numbered among her steady patrons also men who had seen her appear with her basket when the smell of peat still clung to her garments and the roses to her cheeks.

There was the Apple Mary with whom Russell Sage was reputed to dicker daily in an effort to lower the price of a speckled or spotted apple; there was the Apple Mary, still famed for her prettiness in middle age, whose basket for years rested against the fence of St. Paul's Chapel graveyard in Vesey Street. She retired to wed the proprietor of a Summer hotel in the Catskills who courted her on his visits to the old Astor House. Their romance began when he discovered that she knew what a good apple should be. There were Apple Marys in Wall Street who were supposed daily to receive inside tips on the trend of the stock market from eminent financiers and were reputed to be wealthy.

They knew good apples, the Apple Marys. None of your fancy colored, highly polished, paper-wrapped, pithy, almost tasteless varieties were to be found in their baskets, but apples hard and firm that snapped when you bit into them and squirted juice in your eye. They didn't look like rouged blonds or the cheeks of wax dolls. They had all the strength and flavor of the New England or New York and New Jersey orchards from which they came. Apple Mary went to market and picked her own stock—it wasn't selected for her by a commission merchant and delivered at her door. According to their seasons she had Baldwins, Ben Davises, Berkshire and Northern Spies, Russets, Pippins, Jewett Reds, Lansingburgs and Wolf Rivers. She had a flavor for every palate. She knew the particular kind of apple each customer liked.

"She decorated her kittens and rabbits with ribbons."

Policemen never disturbed Apple Mary. On the contrary, they were intimate gossips, and street gamins bothered her seldom by attempted pilferings. When they did the spirit was one of play rather than thievery. The push carts which followed the rising tides of immigration from Southern Europe were the first to encroach on Apple Mary's preserves, and though they were the legitimate prey of her friend the policeman they thrived by sheer force of numbers. They undersold her. She saw many of her constant patrons succumb to the strenuosity of business life and pass on, and the newer generation filched its fruit from the push carts. She grew old and lonely, and when the zoning law went into effect and her friend the policeman told her she must get a license or go she folded up her camp stool, slung her basket on her arm and, not without regret and moist eyes, left the surroundings in which she had seen the first of the skyscrapers mount toward the clouds.

Apple Mary was stationary—seemed to have grown on the spot where she sat—in Summer beneath a huge umbrella such as teamsters used to have over their seats; but Apple Mary was part of the life around her, abreast of the news and took delight in the emotional exercise of trade and barter. The Pretzel Woman was stolid, dull witted and short of speech and temper. She remained an alien. Trade brought to her no friendships. Moreover, it was not fitting that a bank president should be seen munching a pretzel.

Along the Bowery, which went to bed and arose late, and extending thence their route through Park Row to Nassau Street and Broad Street, the white aproned purveyors of hot corn on the cob, steaming frankfurters, hot tamales and fiery chili con carne provided provender for those who masticated as they ran or passed their lunch hour economically in the open. They carried baskets and a combination of stove and boiler or a basket whose compartments gave room for the cooking apparatus and the raw material. They were undisturbed in their industry until the downtown side streets began to give forth appetizing odors from two by four stalls and lunchrooms that offered the same menu. Soon the perambulating kitchens found themselves in one of the restricted, licensed zones. Their days were numbered, though a few of their owners still haunted the Bowery and the North and East River ferry houses at night in hopes of finding an empty stomach, accompanied by a lean pocketbook.

The Shoe Lace Man, who became one of the fixtures of the hurrying crowds of the financial district, first made his appearance in 1910. He, too, was a wanderer, and though he was a cripple was always on the go. North and south, east and west, from Chambers Street to the Battery, he dragged his maimed limb, with shoe lacings hanging from one arm or hands enclosing an open box, from the forenoon to the homegoing hour. He was never importunate or insistent, but there was a pleading note in his voice that few could resist. He received no tips on steel or oil, but he was the recipient of cast-off clothing, for which he was grateful. He took pains, when you gave an old suit or overcoat to him, to make sure that you saw him wearing it. Policemen never interfered with his patrol and it was not because of the zoning ordinance that he disappeared a year ago from his accustomed beat. He simply dropped out.

"There were Apple Marys who were supposed to receive inside tips on the market."

When Twenty-third Street was still the department store centre and the Fifth Avenue Hotel register bore the names of national political leaders the Poodle Dog Man usually stood in Fifth Avenue, between Twenty-fifth and Thirtieth Streets. The dog was not always a poodle, but it was always white, speckleesly clean, as if just scoured, and always had a blue ribbon around its neck. Sometimes it was in a basket, at others held in the arms of the vendor. The dog invariably drew a crowd of women and children to whom lack of pedigree carried no stigma. The animal sold on his obvious merits, not on a stud-book record. It was always so "cute," so gentle, so sort of wistful, "take-me-away-with-you" looking that women and children alike were filled with the desire of possession.

There were no pet shops in Fifth Avenue then, the Holland House was still a gathering place for aristocracy and the Poodle Dog Man had a monopoly. No matter how often he sold a dog, the next day he had another just like it. He seemed to produce them with the ease of a Keller taking rabbits from his silk hat. Protests of merchants in front of whose stores he took his stand and strict enforcement of the license law deprived him of an occupation which he pursued with ease and comparative affluence while he watched the by-play of the passing throng.

The Kitten Woman was generally to be found between Eighteenth and Nineteenth Streets with her basket of purrs or, at Easter time, bunnies. She also sold dolls' fur sets, and there were those who were suspicious of their source. They were just common cats, her offerings, none of your fancy Persian, Angora, Coon, Siamese or Manx breeds. They a soft bundle of singing fur was something to be fondled rather than worn round the neck on a simmering July day. She decorated her kittens or rabbits with ribbons of contrasting colors. She was a motherly sort of a person and you could see that she liked cats, apart from their commercial value. She was always surrounded by a group of women and children and had no little difficulty in preventing her assets from being literally stroked out of existence. But the cries of disappointed youngsters and the clustering groups formed an advertisement from which the storekeeper reaped no benefit, and the Kitten Woman vanished with the Poodle Dog Man as the result of the drive against unlicensed sidewalk vendors which came with the organization of the Fifth Avenue merchants.

When the department stores deserted Twenty-third Street there disappeared what might well be termed the Curb Mechanical Toy Market. From Fifth to Sixth Avenues on the south side of the street the outer edge of the sidewalk for years was peopled by a world of miniature elevated trains, fire engines and hose wagons, locomotives, hansom cabs, delivery wagons, jumping jacks, boxers, monkeys-on-a-stick, Jacks-in-the-box, men on velocipedes and what-nots of animated toydom. Theirs was a life of eternal winding up and running down. They buzzed and hummed, wheeled and whirled in eccentric circles and dashes, darted hither and thither in aimless activity. They were just short of the unattainable—perpetual motion.

They were a magnet to children who accompanied shopping mothers, the cause of many a publicly administered spanking; they represented the blasted hopes and unbounded joys of thousands who now ride in

(Continued on Page 25)

"The white wagon which has kept Ben Franklin company for a quarter of a century, beside his perch in Park Row."

Borrowings of the Great Elizabethans

Influence of the Classics, Italian, French and Spanish Literature

FOREIGN INFLUENCES IN ELIZABETHAN PLAYS. By Felix E. Schelling, 159 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

FOR half a century English and American scholarship has applied itself so extensively and so intensively to the field of Elizabethan drama that little, if anything, remains to be discovered or exploited. The supposition that Shakespeare was "original," in the sense that he "originated" the greater part of his material, was many decades ago shown to be unsustainable. Of course Shakespeare's indebtedness to Plutarch was always known. But for a long time it was believed that Shakespeare was "original" when not engaged on plays based on Plutarch. The discovery of Italian or French or Spanish or Dutch sources of other plays, or parts of plays, compelled a complete revision of the earlier conception of Shakespeare's method. And as familiarity with Shakespeare's contemporaries in dramatic writing increased it was seen that the same revision had to be made in respect to each and all. Kipling's words applied with equal truth to every one of them:

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre
'E 'eard men sing by land and sea,
An' wot 'e thought 'e might require
'E went an' took, the same as me.

But if little or nothing remains to be discovered in respect to the sources pillaged by the Elizabethan playwrights that does not mean that no work in this field is left for latter-day scholars. On the contrary, a great deal of the exploration was done hastily and by men ill equipped for the task. With the true that was brought to light and published was much that was not true, or only partially true, and it has become the task of the scholars to sift this vast body of material, to separate the true from the false, and to collect the true so that it is readily accessible. This is work that is most valuable—both from the point of view of scholar and layman—and is such a piece of work that Professor Felix Schelling has done in his small but closely packed book "Foreign Influences in Elizabethan Plays." Moreover, Professor Schelling's reputation for sound and thorough scholarship and dispassionate judgment is guarantee of the quality of the work. The author is not so specific as might be wished in one point of detail; he does not specify what error he is correcting, and in consequence the lay reader, the one unfamiliar with Elizabethan controversy, fails to realize the relative importance of many of Professor Schelling's statements. Taking the book all in all, however, it is a highly valuable handbook and addendum to one's shelf of Shakespearean and Elizabethan drama.

Professor Schelling sets forth his conclusions under four chapter headings, as follows: "Jonson and the Classics," "Shakespeare and the Lure of Italy," "French Influences at Court and Elsewhere," and "Spanish Influences on Fletcher and After."

There can be little controversy over Professor Schelling's statement that Jonson was "one of the most classically learned men among his contemporaries," although the reader might well wish that the erudite author had chosen to word his declaration with more felicity.

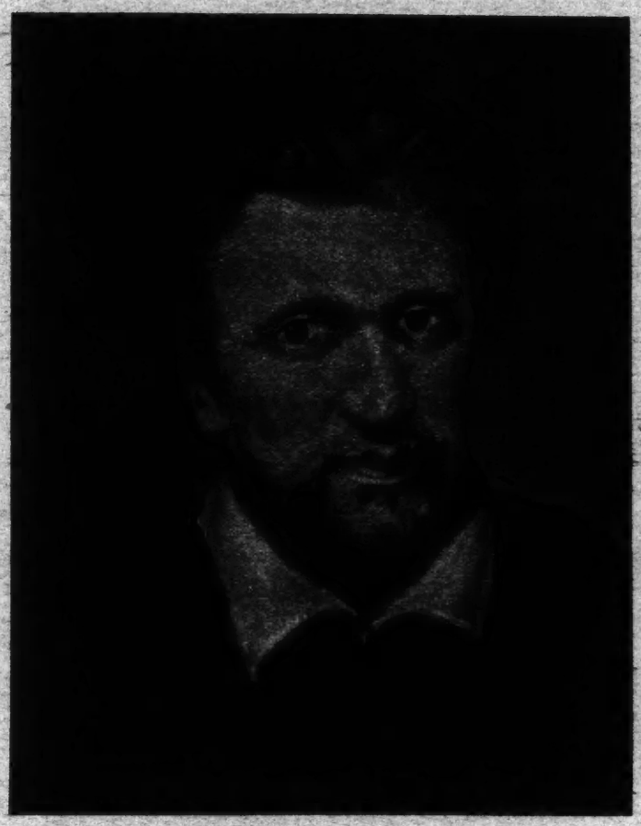
Professor Schelling also makes the important distinction that Jonson was not a mere imitator of classical models. Jonson, he finds, "assimilated" his learning.

> Jonson's grasp, understanding and easy use of the ideas, the technical practices, the style and subject-matter of ancient authors may be called assimilated classicism; and no one approached him in these qualities in his time except George Chapman, the famous translator of Homer, whose comedies in the Plautine manner are among the more diverting of our old dramas. Possessed of this assimilated knowledge of ancient literature, it may be said of Jonson that he is less a borrower of plots than an expander of suggestions; less an imitator of single personages than an adapter of what was most available to the purposes of his English comedies.

Like Marlowe's, it was Ben Jonson's fate so to be overshadowed by Shakespeare that neither the author of "Dr. Faustus" nor the author of "Every Man in His Humour" has ever received—from moderns, at least—his just measure of praise. Professor Schelling does well in this chapter on Jonson to indicate how great the praise should be. He might easily have gone further and shown the course Elizabethan drama undoubtedly would have taken but for the expansive genius of the romantically inclined Shakespeare. Jonson was what one would term today a "literary psychologist," his "humor" being "some one peculiar quality" which

> Doth so affect a man that it doth draw
> All his effects, his spirits, and his powers
> In their confluctions, all to run one way,

and in his comedies character is, quoting Professor Schelling, "exalted above incident, and complexity in disposition is reduced to the common denominator of some ruling trait."



Ben Jonson.

After the Portrait by Gerard Honthorst.

The success with which Jonson—thus hampered at the outset with a psychological theory which was clumsy at the best, and bound to be superseded—handled his automata, instilling into them something of the breath of life, shows the real mental power of the playwright. We can only be thankful that such a pseudo-scientific method as Jonson's did not prevail to divert the clear, strong current of English literature; but, at the same time, we cannot withhold from Jonson the honor that is his due. Schelling calls him "the most consummate dramatist constructively of his age," and calls attention to the fact that it was in the interests of dramatic clarity that Jonson sought a simplification of the complexities of human nature, a common denomination for the diversity of mankind."

Not all commentators on Jonson have analysed so sharply or synthesised so ably and justly, and this book would be valuable if it contained nothing besides the study of Ben Jonson, as Professor Schelling says in conclusion:

> Elizabeth's time and that of James were far better read in the classics than are we and infinitely more directly affected by them; and it was Jonson who was the lens through which these influences of classical literature were chiefly refracted, so far, at least, as they influenced the stage.

But, fortunately, it was Italy of the Elizabethans' day, and not ancient Rome, which exerted the major influence on the imagination of the dramatists. Italy was their "land of romance."

> It was there [says Professor Schelling] that the poets lived, the painters and the famous mechanicians in printing, architecture, statuary and war. It was there that learned writers on art, philosophy, statecraft and civil life set a standard of culture and conduct for the civilised world.

But again Professor Schelling makes one of his very useful distinctions. The mere fact that Shakespeare felt the lure of Italy more strongly than any of his contemporaries would not have set him above them had it not also been true that he surpassed them all in the power to penetrate into character. Thus, while the other Elizabethans were mere imitators of the Italian model, Shakespeare went unerringly to the vitally human in the Italian novella where he found his plot. And even the story, the plot, was, as Professor Schelling says, nothing important to him. "His eye was on the vital men and women, his personages." Thus, as Schelling makes clear, Shakespeare triumphed over Italian influence—or, better, assimilated Italian influence—as he triumphed over and assimilated classical influence, although, to quote again, "the age was literally soaked in Italian literature and fiction."

On the other hand, one is disposed to quarrel with Professor Schelling when he points to what he calls "the insularity of Shakespeare's treatment of foreigners." It may indeed be true that Shakespeare's Hamlet is not a Dane, his Othello a Moor, his Cleopatra an Egyptian. Argument here could be endless. But surely not any one of them is English? To prove his thesis Professor Schelling points to the Welsh parson and the French doctor in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and to the characters of Fluellen, MacMorris and Fanny in King Henry V." This is insufficient proof, surely, especially when the author goes on to draw the additional conclusion that

> The heart and soul of Shakespeare's fidelity to life is, after all, his faithful rendering of Elizabethan manners and conditions and his interpretation of them in their larger essentials into a universal art.

Shakespeare's Hamlet, Othello, Cleopatra are universal because Shakespeare could make them universal. Had he been "insular" he would not have been the Shakespeare he was, but merely another of the Elizabethan dramatists, and it is only just to add that outside of this point there is little or nothing in Professor Schelling's handbook to give rise to controversy. His labors were immense, as one can see from the length of the bibliography at the end of the book. It is no light task the author undertook. To use the word he applied to Ben Jonson, Professor Schelling "assimilated" his material.

One wishes it were possible to be equally laudatory of the author's style. The publisher's "jacket" calls it "lucid." But so, for example, is a report of the Interstate Commerce Commission generally lucid. Granting that Professor Schelling was occupied in producing a volume that primarily should be useful, and that he was justified in rejecting ornamentation, this does not excuse him from following the example set by far too many American university teachers of using English as if it were merely so much brick and mortar. We should like to see more American scholars take to heart the example of their English colleagues and while still finding the language a willing dray horse, find it also a dray horse with some infusion of thoroughbred blood.

Use and Dangers of Hypnotism

THE MYSTERIES OF HYPNOSIS. By Georges de Dubor. Translated by G. M. Hort. 235 pp. New York: Moffatt, Yard & Co.

AN agreeable surprise awaits the reader of this little book, for its title does not prepare one to expect a scientific account, dealing with well-substantiated facts in a scientific spirit, of hypnotic investigations carried on by scientists of approved standard. The author, who belongs to that well-known French school of scientists who have devoted themselves to the study of hypno-magnatic phenomena, is rather jealous of the high scientific repute of their work and is careful to explain at the outset that there is no connection between it and spiritualism, which he classifies as a religion and not a science. Referring once to some phenomena of the careful observation of which he was doubtful, he remarks, "We have a preference in France for serious and scientific experiment."

That sentence gives the keynote of the entire work, although he does seem in certain phases of his subject to be rather more credulous than should a scientist so well poised and so well equipped. He puts, for instance, much more confidence in the Italian medium, Eusapia Paladino, than many investigators of her alleged powers thought she was worthy of. Similarly, he gives full credence to the materialisations of the once famous English medjums D. D. Home and Florence Cook and her double, Katie King. It is surprising that M. de Dubor does not mention and seems not to be familiar with the investigations of W. F. Crawford, the English physicist, whose use in psychical research of the methods and implements of the physics laboratory resulted in some of the most important of modern developments along these lines. But in none of the alleged materialisations and other phenomena popularly accredited to the intervention of the spirits of the dead which M. de Dubor discusses does he consider that supposition. On the contrary, he states his "serious conviction" to be that none of the mysterious occurrences which he relates "stands in need of any supernatural explanation." He accepts as sufficiently proved to be considered a basic scientific principle the conclusions reached by De Rochas more than twenty years ago that a comprehensive series of phenomena, including materializations, displacement of objects without contact, haunted houses, levitation, the so-called "spirit lights," and similar manifestations are the results of a motive force with which certain persons are more fully endowed than others, which is either consciously or unconsciously externalised when it produces these results. In addition to these subjects the author studies clairvoyance and prevision, premonitory dreams, telepathy, hypnosis and magnetism. Half the book is devoted to the two latter subjects, with special consideration of their use as therapeutic agencies. Apparently the author has himself had much experience in the use of magnetism in this way and he gives many instances in which he and others have used one or the other of these means with success. And he also devotes a chapter to exposition of the dangers of hypnotism and to the evils that may result from its use unless it is applied with knowledge and care. He is especially enthusiastic over the possibilities of hypnosis in the treatment and education of abnormal children.

Babies of Fifth Avenue

They Look After Family, Financial, and Artistic Interests of the Street

"Scribner's caught this also."

HAVE you ever counted the babies on Fifth Avenue? The permanent babies? Do you know how many there are? Do you know where they are? If not, you are the loser, for the babies on Fifth Avenue are adorable, and you can see them any day, any night, any season—in sunshine or stormy weather. If you doubt it you are flying straight in the face of her who knows babies from Maine to California, from California to the Gulf, who has weighed and measured the American baby wholesale, has mentally spanked the parents of that baby, and now turns the key of her office many a day just to conduct a sightseeing-baby-trip down the avenue.

Pursue the counting with proper deference and you can easily check off one hundred from the Waldorf to the Plaza—on one side of the street. There are many more for those who have the right sympathy of mind and heart. You have never seen them? That is because your eyes are on a level with the shop windows. If you travel with the little doctor she will tell you that you are on the wrong track for babies on the avenue. But they are there just the same. All you have to do is to lift your eyes and you will see them—stout babies, tall babies, life-sized babies, rangy babies, and babies with pudgy tummies.

There are serious babies, smiling babies, but not one single really crying baby. There are babies with wings, babies with fins and tails, babies with just heads. There are babies over the doors, on the window sills, tucked under gables, and perched on the rooftops. There are very, very proud babies, busy babies—the busiest things you ever saw, supporting shields, holding up wreaths, bracing heavy cornices. No eight-hour day for them! Grown-ups may loll about, luxuriously, speaking a great deal of nothing, or stand to deliver resounding phrases about "Truth Bearing Away the Victory," but not the babies. To them life is a real affair and they can spare no precious time on platitudes.

The Fifth Avenue babies are mostly looking after the family, financial, and artistic interests of the avenue. They seem to have no church affiliations; even those with wings do not appear to be concerned with spiritual matters. But nobody can say they are not responsible. For instance, look at the Vanderbilt house next to the Plaza. The babies are the only people at home there fully two-thirds of the year. Dozens of them fearlessly face General Sherman's war horse, and at the same time smile a gentle welcome to the curious who peek between the iron pickets. Around on the avenue the windows have a regular guard of stout-hearted little fellows, sturdy-limbed, straight-backed, nimble-footed, ready to jump if the small staunch sentry holding the Fifty-seventh Street entrance should beat his alarm.

The only one of the Vanderbilt lot who doesn't seem to be keen on his job is the partner of this sentry. He is plain tired out and doesn't care who knows it. Who can blame him? It takes a fine discrimination to hold up the family traditions for hospitality, month in and month out, and, without changing front, show the proper authoritative sternness to back the burglar insurance cards dangling all around. It must be very nice to have the family come home once in a while to relieve the tension.

But one swallow doesn't make a Summer. Neither can one tired baby destroy the reputation for moral fibre of all the rest of the babies in Fifth Avenue. As proof, look at the Irving Bank, on the corner of Thirty-fourth. There the gentlemen in charge, after lacing their windows all up and down and across with iron, have thought wise to place some babies above to hold up a shield and a wreath. We can understand the shield, but we are not sure about the underlying philosophy of the wreath. Neither do we know why the United National Bank, a block to the south, should hide one of the stanch little defenders of its portcullis doors by a sign. His brother on the opposite panel is a handsome chap, so it can't be a question of looks. Perhaps he is doing some private detective work; but, even so, he ought to be allowed to come out for air once in a while. Away up above these two, close under the eaves, stands the third member of this family, a generous little soul, with his back flat against the wall and his tiny fat hands extended as if scattering something—coins or blessings—on the never-ceasing shuffled down below.

"As proof, look at the Irving Bank."

The truth of the matter is that, while their station in life keeps the avenue babies somewhat aloof from this street crowd, they are in reality sound little democrats, thoroughly alive to all the possibilities of business, and not at all averse to taking an active—although silent and exceedingly genteel—part in the affairs about them. The way they hold up the McCreery scutcheon, spotless and unblemished, while keeping an unblinking eye on the flow of trade through the doors under them, shows a rare combination of uprightness and shrewd business sense. There is an evident disinclination to dicker, as anybody can see who takes note of the charming nonchalance of these young tradesmen.

And this same indifference to small bargaining is seen in the Duveen cherubs. What care they how prices may fluctuate? Its their chief concern in life to appear prosperous and above all not to topple off their ledge. Poise must be sustained. Now, down over the Heckscher door something has gone sadly wrong. Whether it is indigestion or business worries no one can tell, for these children hew straight to the line of the first rule of business—"keep still and let the other fellow talk." They are also clever enough to pull somebody's hair besides their own. This time it happens to be their mother's. Ungrateful young wretches! She remains perfectly calm, however. No doubt she means them to grow up free from all inhibitions.

All of which goes to prove that these babies of the avenue are nothing if not high-hearted and dependable. Not always mixed up with these sterling qualities are wreaths and wings and fins and tails. This is upsetting, or would be if attached to flesh-and-blood babies. But the little doctor says with authority that this is no time to get excited—that these are but the outward signs of a fineness of spirit common to all babies. That is acceptable so far as the wings and wreaths go, but the fins and tails do seem fishy to us. There is plenty of evidence for the fineness of spirit, however. Charles Scribner's Sons caught this, also, and pinned their faith to two of these urchins so far as to leave them alone to hold up the distinction of their name over the door. Here again is proof of a nice sense of balance, for if these youngsters were not exceedingly well poised they would certainly tumble off their cornice, all because of the enormous size of their old quill pens.

Another sign of artistic temperament is found in the plentiful distribution of musical instruments along the way. To be sure, these are not always in use, but they are ready. Here and there you will find a queer little fat thing blowing his cheeks out like round apples over his pipes of Pan, or a quaint fiddler sawing away twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four. Of course we can't hear them. But neither can we hear the music of the spheres, and yet we have the word of Will Shakespeare that it goes on all the time.

If we were not all closed in by our "muddy vesture of decay" we might travel up and down the avenue hearing faint, far melodies. At any rate, don't blame the babies if you can't hear. Over on the Hardman Piano Building you can see for yourself what they do as they grow up. The frieze over the door shows a trio of skilled young musicians at one end and a waiting list at the other—all of whom were at one time unmistakably babies.

And all of which goes to prove that the Public Library missed a chance. Maybe you haven't noticed that there isn't a single baby on that temple of learning. Why? There was time for grown-ups, for fountains, and for enough lions to populate a jungle, but not for one baby! What could the architect have been thinking of? If he had just started them on a frieze they could have done the rest; or have opened his ears to John Milton's call—

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles"—

And he would have had no more than runs riot among the rest of the avenue babies. Think what a fascinating one he could have found in—

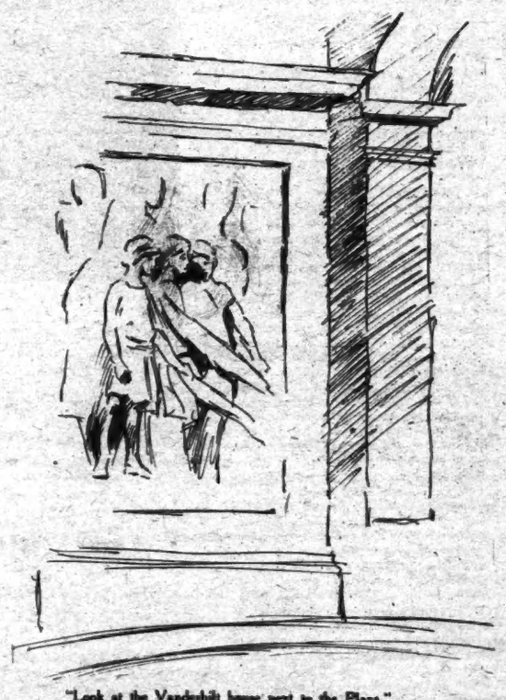
"Laughter holding both his sides."

Maybe it isn't too late even now.

"Now, down over the Heckscher door something has gone sadly wrong."

There are two, and you will agree that he can put it all over the rest of the babies when it comes to sitting on the edge of things. There he is—away up on the roof, a-top of a peak of the gray stone mansion at the corner of Fifty-second Street. His family is like the one at Fifty-seventh Street, only more so, as here the windows are boarded up with a dreary air of finality. But in spite of that, his house is a gay house, quite befitting a prize baby. There are lovely dogs sitting on the very front window sills, behaving in the most gentlemanly fashion as flighty birds start right up under their noses. Around the corner one set of babies is holding up a huge bay window, all the time doing a wild little fling as if glad to hold up anything belonging to his Nibs up on the roof. Above, on the same window, a whole dance is on, one cherub bending double over his fiddle in an ecstasy of expression while the rest are in the full swing of an old time waltz. At the very edge one adventurous little dame is hopping off with Mr. Puss-in-Boots—or maybe it is Mr. Brown Bear. Even the lions guarding the front stoop have their jaws dropped in speechless pride.

And all the time little Sweepstakes himself sits steadily, yet merrily, too, on his perch, one dimpled arm akimbo, looking up and down the Avenue, day in and day out, night in and night out, the whole year through. He sees the wind toss the flags down the sun flooded street, he sees the rain sweep up from Washington Square and sniffs the salt breeze as it passes—and he sees the men and women step out with a spring in the morning to come back with a halt at night. But he passes no judgment, since he has no standards of gait. His friends are the sun and the stars, and the gilded old cock-o-loram crowing lustily over on the roof top not far away. His retainers are the funny gargoyles sitting to right and left at a respectable distance, and the gentleman in the little round hat balancing himself in the background. But if there is any talking done they do it. Our baby thinks his own thoughts as all wise babies do. He is irresistible, as all prize babies are.



"Look at the Vanderbilt house next to the Plaza."

And he is inaccessible as all the Fifth Avenue babies are, but count them for yourself—now down on Houston Street—well, that's another story.

If it isn't—well, the most worthy thing for the Public Library to do, in our estimation, would be to get busy and get some babies.

And not the least worthy thing for you to do one of these days would be to travel up and down the avenue and count the babies for yourself. There are swarms of them that we have left to the joy of your own discovery. But before you start, get in the right state of adoration to pay homage to the prize baby. For there is a prize baby, irresistibly adorable, and, according to the professional guide of the Seeing-Baby-Run, he is as perfect mentally and physically as he is in looks. Of course, he can't be weighed and measured, but in posture, shape of the head, shape of the chest, and general appearance he is A1. As for mental stability—all you have to do is to look at him, or look at the two of him, since

THE ROUGH RIDERS OF THE RODEO

"Circangle riding."

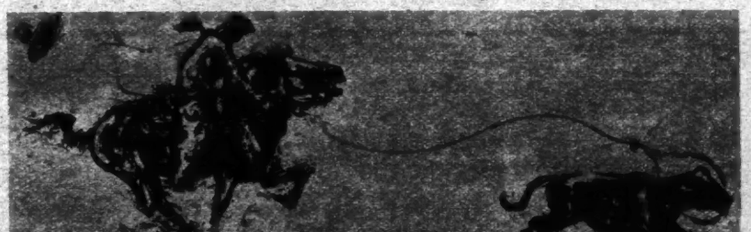
"Bull dogging."

"Bronk riding."

By ROSS SANTEE

As the crow flies it's quite a jaunt from Payson, Ariz., to New York. But George didn't come that way. He stopped at Cheyenne, Wyo., just long enough to win the calf roping there. At Cheyenne, George tied one of his calves in eighteen seconds. Considering the fact that anything under twenty-five seconds is apt to win first money anywhere, eighteen seconds is, as Tex Austin calls it, "beddin' down the stock."

The first time I ever saw George Cline rope was at Payson, Ariz., two years ago. It was during the three-day rodeo. Payson is a little mountain cow town a hundred miles from the railroad. The place consists of one long main street with half a dozen frame buildings on either side. At other times, except for an occasional cow pony standing in front of the Old Saloon (which does duty now as a soft drink joint and pool hall), the street is deserted. But during the rodeo the place is alive with people. The rodeo has been an annual event for years, with bronk riding, horse racing and calf tying, all down the middle of the street, and every night a dance that lasts until morning. To the average onlooker the bronk riding furnishes the most thrills, but, among the punchers themselves, the calf roping is the centre of interest. For among those mountain cowboys who ride the Tonto Range are some of the best ropers in the world.



"Calf roping."

The corral is built at the end of the street. As a calf is cut out of the corral, two punchers blaze him across the line. Down goes the starter's flag. On comes the roper, his horse on the dead run, his rope swinging. On one side of the street is parked a long line of automobiles. Occasionally a calf, insane with fear, dodges between the cars and escapes. But as a rule they head straight down the broad street, with the roper at full speed behind. One of the punchers tied his calf in twenty-two seconds. Now twenty-two seconds is apt to win the money in any man's rodeo, and I opined the same to a puncher standing beside me.

"George Cline ain't roped yet," he said.

Two more calves were cut from the corral, but the time was slow.

"George Cline's up next," said the puncher.

Cline's calf came out of the corral on the run. As the calf crossed the line, the flag dropped. Down the middle of the street they came, Cline's horse on the dead run, his "piggin' string" between his teeth, his rope singing. In front of the Old Saloon, Cline made his throw. He was off his horse before the rope tightened. As he raised his hands through the cloud of dust, the crowd yelled.

"Twent-one," bawled the announcer through his megaphone. The puncher beside me grinned.

The next event was calf roping for men over fifty. A few had snow-white hair. The time was not so fast. But, as Cline's father came down the street with his horse on the dead run, the puncher beside me said, "Them Cline boys take to their ropin' honestly."

The Shore of Shelley's Funeral Pyre

By F. L. MINNIGERODE

"Burned on this shore," is part of the inscription upon a monument erected to Percy Bysshe Shelley, that stands facing the blue Mediterranean at the seaside resort of Viareggio, Italy.

A little over 100 years ago, upon a July day, Lord Byron, Leigh Hunt, John Trelawney, a few other friends and a handful of coast guard soldiers witnessed the burning of the body of the dead poet after the sinking of his frail bark in a storm.

Shelley, in his "Epipsychidion," had made prophesy of his end in the words:—

"A radiant death—a fiery sepulchre."

But Shelley's body, with that of his friend Williams, who was drowned at the same time, was burned, not because it was the expressed wish of the dead poet, but in conformity with the then existing laws of Tuscany.

Byron, in a letter to a friend, describing the effect of Shelley's "fiery sepulchre," wrote: "You can have no idea what extraordinary effect such a funeral pyre has on a desert shore, with mountains in the background, and the sea before—the singular appearance the salt and frankincense gave to the flames."

How changed is this shore at Viareggio today! The eternal hills and the everlasting sea remain, but, from the poet's viewpoint man has certainly marked the earth with ruin. For this beach has taken on the mask of fashion and the taint of luxury! Crowding one upon another are one-story cafés and dancing pavilions where "jass" bands pound out anything but lyric music and all about and around are gaudily painted bathhouses, while a little further back from the sea stand great hotels, clubs, casinos and a motley conglomeration of things which go to make in miniature a combination of Coney Island and Atlantic City.

On the beach great sunshades, huge spreading parasols, seem blended together like an overgrown and immense family of many colored toadstools stretching in endless line, dawdling and giddy in the sunshine. Shouting children, thousands of them, and scarcely less noisy men and women—also by thousands—throng the sandy shore and splash in the breaking sea, the brilliant colors of their bathing suits dotting the blue water and the brown shore as thick, it seems, as the myriad sands under their feet. Many are the men and women clad in silk pajamas or kimonos who parade up and down, up and down, stepping here and there over the sprawling figures in the sand, while over all the heat waves dance and play—ever ascending like the frankincense over the "fiery sepulchre" of Shelley.

Thus it is that during the bathing hours there is no beauty, no dignity, save only the ever quiet mountains behind and the ever restless sea before, on the shore which Byron called "desert."

A great change, a magical transformation, comes at the approach of night. The thousands of bathers melt away, filling the cafés and dance halls and crowding the sidewalks at countless little tables placed there; the bizarre parasols "fold their tents like the Arabs and as silently steal away." The broad sun sinks into the sea, showering a golden glow over the blue water and the brown shore and the gray mountains, and paints the vagrant clouds that hang in the west with every color that the skies know—turquoise blue darkening into sapphire and amethyst, topaz changing into gold and orange, the pink of coral deepening to a ruby red and, at the horizon, a green that changes from jade to emerald and from emerald to jade at every twist of the sun's last rays.

This is the hour, I think, when a poet must needs be in a mood of happy contemplation, for the stage is set for the most beautiful review I have ever witnessed. It is the return of the fishing boats.

Near the south end of the resort two long rock-ribbed moles stretch into the deep water, and between these rock-built barriers a canal leads into a sheltered basin where ships of lighter draft find a refuge.

The fishing boats—sixty, seventy or more in number—have been at sea since before daybreak, and now that night is coming on they are headed for the mouth of the canal with all sails set. Forming a great, but ever-diminishing semi-circle, they draw nearer and nearer home, and every moment the colors of their great sails become more and more exquisite. At the end of the mole a silent score of people—so few in comparison to the noisy bathers that made the earlier hours so tawdry—watch the gathering barks. Such magical sails and such picturesque, though piratical looking, crews!

At distances which seem strangely regular, apparently as measured as the distance between pintoons at guard mount, these boats glide slowly into the canal toward the sheltered basin. A giant red sail, splotched with yellow and black and patched here and there with whites and browns, is followed at about twenty paces by one of bright orange with a black lighthouse painted in the centre of the sail and equidistant behind this comes a buff-colored sail with a daring cowboy perched upon the back of a bucking bronco of a nondescript lead color for its centre effect.

Thus pass in review before you half a hundred boats, every sail seemingly gayer and more interesting than the one before. Triangles, circles, swastikas, great black or red bullseyes, sun, moon and stars and signs of the zodiac, four-leafed clovers, animals, birds and all manner of finny things that inhabit the deep are to be seen in many colors painted upon sails which are also of every conceivable shade and, far or near, every sail seems as soft as velvet. Like immense and rich portières filled before the breeze, the boats sweep silently into the canal, the tips of their multi-colored sails swaying from side to side fifty feet above the water, while on the decks below the half-clad crews, their scant clothing often as brilliant as the sails that float over them, the clean decks, the coiled ropes, the piled nets and the shining baskets of fish, all tend to keep the procession of boats as picturesque close at hand as they appeared when still some distance out to sea.

It was a tremendously impressive sight when the great battleship fleet, with accompanying cruisers and destroyers, which President Roosevelt sent around the world, steamed through the Golden Gate into San Francisco Bay, the shore batteries from the Presidio, Fort Baker, rocky Alcatraz and Angel Island booming out a salute of welcome. I watched a well trained, well disciplined and battle-scarred Virginia regiment of the Blue and Gray Division silently pass in review before Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig and General Pershing, and later I saw the same regiment with decorated colors and standards flying in the broom march through the streets of Richmond while a hundred thousand cheered. There is a never-ending delight in watching the floats, feathery and cloudlike, that old New Orleans sends through her streets during the Mardi Gras festivities. There is a sure joy in watching the flower covered automobiles and floats that are to be seen in the Carnival of Flowers that takes place in many of our Pacific Coast cities. And again, the Battle of Roses at Nice, Cannes, Monte Carlo or other Riviera towns is something unforgettable.

These things evoke wonder and admiration. The strength and massed of floating forts, the courage and patriotism of collected battalions, the artistry and stage effect of the Mardi Gras creations and the melting of color at the "Battle of the Roses," quicken the senses and leave an indelible impression upon the brain. But for sheer loveliness, compelling sober thought, for half an hour filled with beauty and richness and color and silence, with sea and mountain and flaming sunset and gorgeous sails, I do not believe there is a sight on earth as lovely, so graceful, so peaceful, so utterly entrancing as the return of the fishing fleet to the canal at Viareggio.

So that beach where Shelley's body was given to the flames is, at certain hours, an ugly spot with its seething and motley crowd of people. But when the day is ending and the crowd is gone to other pleasures and once again "the moving waters at their priestlike task of pure ablution round earth's human shores" roll their breakers upon deserted sands, when the solemn advance guard of the fishing fleet with their indescribable sails draws near the mouth of the canal, the broad sea before and the sombre mountains behind, there is a beauty, almost a hushed holiness. That is a beauty appropriate to a shore upon which was lighted the "fiery sepulchre" of one of the world's greatest singers.

The Bartender Makes the Best of It

What Has Happened to an Outlawed Profession

"They couldn't bring themselves to work in ice cream stores."

PROHIBITION is more than four years old, yet 450 incorrigible optimists are still paying dues each month to the Bartenders' Benevolent and Protective Association, Local No. 3.

And even these aren't all tending bar. Many are selling soda water, or insurance or quick lunches or groceries, and two are traveling on the road offering imported perfumes.

There isn't any doubt at all about the passing of drink mixing as one of the city's leading ways of earning a living. Prohibition's advent found 22,000 bartenders hard at work slaking the thirst of the local 6,000,000. Today there is a slender total of 600 union and non-union bartenders plying their trade.

According to Charles J. Auner, Secretary and business agent of the Bartenders' Benevolent, &c., there had been but few desertions from behind the mahogany up to almost the day when the prohibition thing came true.

"We just didn't think it could happen," said Mr. Auner, who has doled out veritable lakes of assorted drinks in twenty-six years of bar service. "As long as most of us could remember there had been talk of prohibition, and we thought that we were hearing just more talk.

"Besides, all the people we spoke with in our working hours were so strong against prohibition that it didn't look to us as if there were more than ten or fifteen people on the other side.

"I am certain that I speak the truth when I say that bartenders were the hardest hit of all when the wet part of the country went dry. The people growing things used in hard drink making turned to growing other things. Manufacturing plants making the stuff changed the machinery and manufactured something else to drink or eat.

"The saloon keepers—well, most of them had enough to sort of take it easy. But the bartender was up against it. He had spent his life fixing up strong drinks and he didn't know much about anything else. It was a sad lot of men who hung up their aprons in the closet after giving the bar a last rub. They had knowledge and training that they couldn't sell. Many of them had spent years building up a personal following which certainly wouldn't follow them into an ice cream parlor.

"The older men were the worst off. Some of them were simply dazed when told by the boss that the place would close on Saturday night. They came down to union headquarters and wanted other jobs, but there weren't any other jobs. It was a sad sight to see some of these men, well past middle age, looking through the help-wanted ads in the morning papers.

"Many of them were sure that prohibition wouldn't last. They gave it three or four months at the most. They said that people wouldn't stand for it; that of course it would be repealed. And they spent those three or four months spending the money they had saved.

"I don't know why it was, but they couldn't, bring themselves to work in ice cream stores. Cutting bologna or ham, even with one of those slicing machines, didn't appeal to them much, either. Months were spent by the old-timers trying to dig up a line of business in which they could make good. When they saw that prohibition would continue, they went after other jobs seriously."

Mr. Auner said that the most surprising thing was that so few of them turned to bootlegging. Men with families, he said, didn't like the idea of seeing them only on Mondays or Thursdays, or whatever the visiting days in the penal institutions are.

"I'd like to bet," said Mr. Auner, emphatically, "that more than three-quarters of the bootleggers never knew liquor before prohibition except as consumers. You don't find many ex-bartenders riding around in those shiny new automobiles and sending their families away for ten weeks in the Summer."

This statement was concurred in by several members of Local 3 who had dropped in at union headquarters for a little chat with Secretary Auner. The headquarters occupy modest space in a second-floor back room at 228 East Eighty-sixth Street.

Two of Mr. Auner's pleasant callers had clung to their original occupation. They were waiting for a call from any surviving saloon keeper who wanted some extra or steady bartending done. The union still agrees to supply bartenders at short notice. There is an occasional demand, coming usually at week-ends from picnic grounds.

One of the visitors had just resigned from a job in the ice cream and soda department of a large chain drug store. He'd been at it for a year. It had seemed like six years, he said.

"I always hated the confounded stuff, anyway," he declared. "I found it difficult to keep the ice cream hard. They don't want a bartender for that kind of work. They want a nurse. One day there was a little leak in the freezer where the ice cream was kept, and the cream malted until it looked like soup. We lost a lot of trade that day.

"Then every once in a while a man would come in and order a chocolate soda and say, 'Make mine sweet.' I managed to keep from hitting these birds with the bar rag, but it took all my control.

"And the women—they were fierce. Some of them would spend fifteen minutes deciding on what they wanted, and when I'd get it started they'd change their minds. The prices never suited them. They always knew a place where they could get the same thing five or ten cents cheaper.

"I'm out of work now and I'm glad of it. If I had my choice between dishing out ice cream and working on the docks, you'd see me wrestling with a case of lead somewhere in West Street."

It was admitted, however, that soft drink dissemination had claimed the greatest portion of the bartending fraternity. Restaurant work has ranked second, with the grocery and delicatessen service third.

"I guess we like to refresh and nourish people," Mr. Auner said in explaining this. "Although the knowledge of how to bring about a happy union of gin, grenadine and the juice of an orange isn't worth anything to us, we can still use our training in making people feel at home, and I suppose that those who buy ice cream appreciate this as much as those who bought booze.

"Some of our men have made good in selling lines. I know of two who are traveling for an importer of perfumes. This man used to sell wine to the saloon where they worked and I suppose they got to be friendly. Both of them are earning more money than they did while twisting the handle of the old beer tap.

"The insurance game got several of them. One fellow who used to work with me knocks out about three hundred dollars a month, which is more than I ever knew any bartender to earn. He looked up some of his old customers and they were glad to help him along. Some of the friendships between bartenders and customers cover periods of many years. I should say, offhand, that fully four or five thousand of our twenty-two thousand bartenders were helped into other lines of business by people they used to serve."

Some former bartenders are now watchmen in warehouses. Some are timekeepers on big construction jobs. The gray uniform of the special policeman clothes many a man whose working garb prior to July, 1919, was a full-length apron. Many veteran bartenders had difficulty in lining up in other occupations because they bore so obvious a stamp of their earlier employment.

"I went to an agency where they hire men to guard buildings and things," one of them recounted. "Of course, I didn't want to seem a greenhorn, so I said that I had had other jobs of that kind. The man who did the hiring looked at me and said: 'Why don't you admit you are an old mixologist?' He told me he could tell it by the way I combed my hair, with each hair in its right place. He also said my hands looked as if they had been in water for twenty years or so. He said he'd give me the job for old times' sake, and he did. Another ex-barkeeper was working at the place they sent me. He was a watchman, too. He worked nights, and we made them seem short by swapping stories about the days when we walked on the sawdust."

It is said that firms employing bartenders are running no risk, so far as the sobriety of their help is concerned, for many of the drink distributors never went in for the stuff themselves, while those who did were such connoisseurs that they can't stand the current output.

"A number of our men are at work on the cars and at subway and elevated ticket selling booths," Mr. Auner said. "Being a conductor isn't so hard for them, since most of them were on their feet all day behind the bar.

"I don't think that one in ten of them is happy at his new trade. There is something about a saloon in which a man has worked a long time that is lacking anywhere else. To me the places where I worked seemed more than just ginmills. They were meeting rooms, in a way. Men came in for a little talk and a game of pinochle, and the drinks were not the main thing. Customers tried to be friendly as a rule. The few fighting drunks were taught to know their place, and the better element was usually in control."

Mr. Auner and his friends haven't much faith in the return of light wines and beer.

"Most of us wouldn't know how to handle it if did come back," he said. "We've just made up our minds that it's gone for good—or for bad. Most of the former bartenders that I know have even thrown away their copies of the 'Bartender's Guide.'"

"I managed to keep from hitting these birds."

Savage and Civilized Minds

PRIMITIVE MENTALITY. By Lucien Lévy-Bruhl. Translated by Lilian A. Clare. 453 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.

HAVING in a previous book elaborately discussed "The Mental Functions in Inferior Societies," Professor Lévy-Bruhl turns in "Primitive Mentality" to a careful consideration of the way in which the minds of savages work. His material is not derived from personal observation, but consists of innumerable passages and anecdotes from the published works of writers in many languages who have had and utilized, more or less intelligently, the opportunities provided for them as travelers, explorers or residents among tribes not yet or at all affected by intercourse with white men.

From this material—not altogether escaping the suspicion that from it he selected only what would support his theory of an essential difference between primitive and civilized mentalities—he draws the conclusion that the savage, being entirely without scientific knowledge, almost invariably assumes that the phenomena he sees have not the immediate causes to which alone do we ascribe efficiency, but to mystical influences, usually exerted by dead chiefs or remoter ancestors, whose aid can be invoked or whose animosity can be removed or conquered by spells, charms, incantations or exorcisms. In other words, the savage finds in magic the explanation of everything even a little out of the ordinary that happens. Nothing, to him, is accidental; everything is brought to pass by the will of somebody, living or dead. To him no death is "natural," and every sickness is produced, not by violations of sanitary or hygienic laws or by the bacteria not so long ago discovered by civilized investigators, but either by the exercise of magical and malignant powers on the part of a witch or wizard, or as the result of the breaking by the victim of the malady or the accident of some tribal taboo. To ascertain which of these suppositions is the true one the savage resorts to divinitions or to "ordeals." The latter are not based on the medieval idea of "the judgment of God"; they merely are tests as between two supposed facts, and they decide, not who is right and who wrong, not who is innocent and who is guilty, but who has brought evil on himself, and consequently on the tribe, by violation, conscious or unconscious, of its changeless inhibitions.

The distinction between the virtuous and the vicious savage is not that the latter is a magician, for they all think themselves magicians, but between using the magic which is the common possession of the tribal group and that which is the possession of an individual and is employed by him or her to advance personal interests or to avenge private grudges.

In support of these views Professor Lévy-Bruhl adduces no end of evidence proving that the savage mind often does function in this way and that this often establishes between the savage and the civilized man a broad chasm, difficult for anybody to cross and impossible for many. From this incompatibility of reasoning methods arises the impression that savages are stupid as well as ignorant, but they do not really lack intelligence, and, given their premises, they are quite as logical as their irritated critics.

"Primitive Mentality" is a book both interesting and valuable, and it will command especially the attention of readers familiar with Frazer's monumental work, "The Golden Bough." It is at least arguable, however, that Professor Lévy-Bruhl pushes too far his belief that between the savage and the civilized there is an essential mental difference. Faith in magic is by no means dead among Europeans and their scattered emigrants. Among us there are many who "knock wood" to ward off disaster, many who will not sit thirteen at table or walk under a ladder, and many who, in search of health, still put their amusing or pathetic trust in incantations—who ignore immediate causes and find them in a mystical world somewhere in the beyond or the outside.

A question raised by reading the professor's book apparently did not occur to him. Why do or did primitive peoples go on doing for century after century things of no possible use and of very possible injury? It commonly is assumed that all widely followed and thoroughly established "folk-ways" either had or have utility either to the individual or to the tribe. It is more than hard to see anything at all of utility to anybody in the rites and ceremonies of savages recorded in this book. None of them has any foundation in fact or in experience, and many of them are murderous or abominable. How, then, did they originate and why were they perpetuated? There is no trace of anything like them among the higher animals—animals not so much below the lowest savages—and, while magic does offer an explanation for happenings, its acceptance is beyond comprehension. It only can be taken for what it is—a discouraging and humiliating vagary of the human mind.

And if the difference between savage and civilized essential is other than one degree, Professor Lévy-Bruhl gives no indubitable proof of it.

Control of Wages by Labor

Proposals of the Late Radical Faction at Amherst

A Review by
JOHN CORBIN

THE CONTROL OF WAGES. By Walton Hamilton, Professor of Economics, Amherst College, and Stacy May, Instructor, Brookwood Workers' College, New York: George H. Doran & Co. $1.50.

THE NEW CAPITALISM. By E. A. Baldus. Chicago: The O'Donnell Press.

THE WORKER AND THE STATE. By Frank Tillyard, Professor of Commercial Law at the University of Birmingham. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

AMONG our rapidly increasing "workmen's colleges" and "classes for workers" the one thrilling and vital question is the control of wages—by the workman. Instructors who refuse to concede the workman's ultimate right to say how much goes into the pay envelope are likely to have short shrift. Are we not all "committed to democracy"? And is not the number of those who pull down pay envelopes far greater than the combined number of those who receive salary checks and dividend checks? The subject matter begins not with the question of right but with the question of means.

Professor Walton Hamilton and Mr. Stacy May frankly accept this gambit, and their little book has an added interest in the fact that they are of the faction of so-called "radicals" at Amherst who stood with the late President. During that sad commencement time Professor Hamilton was much in the day's news. Now we have him, and also Mr. May, in their quality as "Instructor, Amherst classes for workers." "We would control wages," they say, "not for the sake of control, nor for the sheer joy of manipulation, but to make them as nearly ample as may be to the demands made upon them"—made, that is, by the workers. Here the timid conservative will shudder, the burly standpatter grow purple with rage. It is to be hoped that they will read on. "The next step is not so easy, it involves finding something to add, and discovering a way to add it. This little game of 'find the increment' is likely to prove a merry one, because there are so many places in which an increment can hide."

Clearly, our authors are not among those who have in their waistcoat pockets the key to the industrial millennium. Rather, they are candid critics of the great variety of those who have such keys. They fully recognize the imperfections of a world in which financial crashes come with something like cyclic regularity; in which unemployment is a chronic phenomenon varied by crises in which untold millions are forced to live on their hard-earned savings; in which at best a majority of workers have incomes sadly inadequate to the sheer necessities of a citizen of our Republic. But they preserve throughout an intellectual detachment, a breadth of view and a minuteness of scrutiny which are as scholarly as they are philosophic. They have even a modicum of academic sprightliness as they lead their avid workers in the "little game" of tracking the "increment" from lair to lair. Each of the fifteen chapters is prefaced by a quotation from Mr. Dooley, profound but also humorous.

For some reason or other—perhaps from Bully Bottom's tender solicitude lest the ladies be affrighted—Communism, Syndicalism, Guild Socialism, the Plumb Plan and such are not mentioned by name; but the various type ideas are stated in the abstract, and somewhat less abstractly criticised. Thus the proposal to establish in each industry "a single large corporation" which would preserve "private control" and "business management" is discussed as "monopoly." The bright dream is swiftly limned, and then we come up against sentences such as these:

> Against this many economists would set down losses from the deadening touch which bureaucracy and security give. * * * We have not yet reached the point in cosmic evolution at which those who organize monopolies find their chief incentive in a desire to raise wages. * * * We have not yet reached a point in universal progress where the economic arts can furnish a practical plan for controlling so unruly a creature as a monopoly.

Of "nationalization" in a form approximating the Plumb Plan we read: "Its advocates modestly claim all the advantages, and freedom from all the disadvantages, of monopoly." Yet in spite of a nationalized Post Office and nationalized education, "we know as little about the workings of nationalized industry as we did before the process began. * * * It is only when the question of 'private control' versus nationalization is broken asunder into such inquiries as which can secure investment funds at the cheaper rate, which can attract the more competent personnel, which can secure a higher morale among laborers and a hundred similar inquiries, and these are answered, that an answer to the larger question is possible."

For "workers' control," the true democratization of industry, "its advocates claim all the advantages, and freedom from all the disadvantages, of monopoly and of nationalization." It is an attractive program. "If ingenuity were persuasion, we would accept their promises whether or no." But, ingenuity not being persuasion, "we can only insist that these proposals are too new and too little understood to be accepted in exchange for the present system. It is only when analysis, when the accumulation of fact, and careful and detailed restatement, has reduced this general proposal to a specific, constructive program, that judgment upon it will be possible." Then follows the most "radical" sentence in the little volume, yet still diffident as to the radical means, bespeaking the will to believe rather than a burning conviction:

> It is, however, more than possible that in the fullness of time, which no one is willing to wait for, an intelligent attack will convert this pious wish for workers' control into a practical plan.

For craft unionism, as it stands, the creation of Samuel Gompers and his kind, the authors have a thinly veiled contempt, though again no names are mentioned. "A single union, or even an 'international' representing a whole craft, can raise wages by passing along the burden to the consumer. If all trade unions use this device, the real gain will be far smaller than the apparent one; for the members of various unions use each others' products, and higher wages are swallowed up in higher prices. The net gains are likely to come in very large measure from unskilled labor, the group in the community which is least able to pay." In plain terms, the Federationists and the Brotherhoods are profiteers upon the community, including their humbler fellow-laborers. "Such a policy * * * is a weapon of an aristocracy of a few chosen crafts, who condemn the rank and file of labor to the outer darkness of unorganization." In a similar spirit the authors deprecate the Federation opposition to efficiency, to the human maximum of productivity, insisting only that the laborer who works faithfully shall be safeguarded against any resulting unemployment.

As against organization along the lines of the crafts, they favor organization along the lines of the several industries, "industrial unionism"; but they are skeptical of the Bolshevism which the Garment Workers have superadded to "industrial unionism," as they are skeptical of the "nationalization" projects of the "industrially" unionized coal miners. Of the kind of industrial unionism that is resulting from employe representation they say nothing, and their silence is intelligible in view of the preconceptions of their pupils; for employe representation, while it insures collective bargaining in full view of the company's books, does not recognise the workers' right to absolute control of his wages.

Yet they plead throughout for fair dealing and a respect for existing property rights. "To take from another group too weak to resist, because one has the economic power, may have the sanction of an 'economic law' which does not exist or of a legal system which does; but it is hard to find an ethical support for it." In the attempt to control wages to their profit, laborers "should know the source of the income; if it has belonged to another, the laborer's claim to it should rest upon some justification rather than the power to take." Again and again this wise and honorable, this ultimately profitable doctrine, is inculcated.

Chief emphasis is laid throughout upon the need of patient, exhaustive and prolonged industrial research. Historically, the existing order resulted from the free play of the individual desire for gain, and of individual enterprise—only faintly tinged, of late, by a sense of social justice. "Thanks to human nature, or to the behavior induced by the system under which we live, the acquisitive arts flourish without any artificial encouragement. The industrial arts are of tedious growth; but the case for scientific procedure in their development no longer requires argument. * * * Only those can control the sources of wages who understand the human stuff of which the arrangements which make up the industrial system are made, and who know these institutions both in their detail and in their relation to one another."

Having opened their "little game of 'find the increment'" with the workers' control gambit, the authors are obliged, both logically and humanly, to postulate that this gigantic task of research shall be financed, conducted and controlled by the workers themselves. This they do with a straight face, even while they quote with due respect the report of the Federated American Engineering Societies, who originated the idea and made a preliminary survey of the field in 1921 in co-operation with Secretary Hoover.

Obviously the labor of controlling and reorganising our industrial system lies beyond the scope of any single class—beyond the scope of the laborers, though they are numerically preponderant; beyond the scope of capitalists, though they "own" the system; beyond even the scope of the industrial technician and the professorial economist. It is a man-size job for the whole nation. But this is a doctrine not preached in workers' classes, at least when the theme is the workers' control of wages—not even by teachers who in all other matters devoutly pray for candor, justice and a sense of fact.

Surely Messrs. Hamilton and May, so sprightly in themselves and so devoted to Mr. Dooley, must have indulged a furtive grin at the idea of the horny-handed protagonist of industrial unionism conducting a definitive research into the tangled problem of making the "acquisitive arts" amenable to the high guidance of the "industrial arts." Possibly also their pupils, eager for a bulge in the pay envelope come Saturday, found this exhortation to finance and conduct and definitive research something in the nature of a gold brick.

The "new capitalism" of Mr. Baldus finds its inspiration in the exceeding prosperity of the crafts unions of the American Federation of Labor, whom Messrs. Hamilton and May regard as profiteers. "Hitherto labor has been beholden to capital; I propose that henceforth capital shall be beholden to labor." The change is to be brought about by purchase, beginning on a relatively small scale. It is to be consummated by eliminating the waste of the present form of capitalism.

In each industrial unit there is to be a supreme board of trustees. "The selection of these twelve men is of the utmost importance. They must be men of more than ordinary intelligence and ability, sincere, unselfish, just, of tested integrity, proved rectitude and unwavering fidelity; men of principle, character and conscience—the soul of honor; men of unquestioned honesty and, above all, incorruptible." Undoubtedly they must be all of that; for, instead of preparing for their sufficiently hazardous enterprise by informing themselves thoroughly, they are to wait until they have acquired their industry. "Once we actually engage in an industry a scientific study of everything that enters into it will be made." Instead of preliminary research, a Coroner's inquest.

Mr. Baldus's 500 huge pages bristle with ostensibly documented charges against the present capitalism, some of them quite justified; but he has small comprehension on the "many places in which an increment can hide."

Professor Tillyard's book deals historically and critically with the interference by the English Government in the relationship of employer and employed as regards the worker's wages, hours, health, safety and general well-being. It is an able and valuable summary, written without bias and with comprehensive intelligence. Even a cursory reading of it will serve to emphasize the difficulties which Mr. Baldus ignores, and which Messrs. Hamilton and May endeavor, rather hopelessly, to impress on the minds of workers bent on controlling their wages.

A RELIC OF THE PAST

Sole Surviving Hansom Cab, Seen Against the Background of Columbus Circle on a Rainy Night.

From "New York in MCMXXIII." The New York Edison Company.

Famous Cures That Failed

Changing But Enduring Faith in Mystic Healing

CURES: THE STORY OF THE CURES THAT FAIL. By James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., Sc. D. 291 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

DR. WALSH has emphasized two points in this book: One is that anything will cure the patient when nothing is the matter with him; the other is that the longer a physician practices medicine the shorter becomes his list of drugs. His thesis is based upon a fact that has gained general recognition, namely, that the vast majority of the ills and complaints of mankind are fostered by the mental attitude of the sufferers, and the symptoms complained of are aggravated by anxiety. The remedy, then, is the popular "cure" of the hour to which human kind accords temporary allegiance. Once that blindly confiding faith is shattered, the "cure" becomes ineffective for the individual; if lost en masse, the "cure" falls into disrepute and can no more cure any one.

The author's premises are sound and he has carried his argument to its logical conclusion. But we note that he says:

> Why should not human nature have its delusions when they add to the happiness of men? It is not with the idea of eradicating the delusions that this book is written, but so that we may all together laugh a little quietly at this human nature of ours and its humorous ways.

If millions of persons are "cured" of their ills and thus restored to happiness through belief in their delusions, it is open to question whether it is a good thing to broadcast these delusions to the world. An adequate reply to such an argument might be that he who labors under belief in a cure for imagined ills is going to persist in that delusion in spite of the assertions of a hundred wise physicians. Doubtless it is well that it is so.

Dr. Walsh is peculiarly well equipped to deal with his subject. He has attained eminence as a medical historian, in the pursuit of science and as a forceful and pleasing writer. And right here it appears opportune to say that too little attention is paid to the history of medicine and surgery in modern medical colleges. A young physician who is well grounded in the known history of his profession has an advantage over his fellows who have had no instruction in it that will stand him in good stead, not only in critical emergencies, but in dealing with those patients whose sufferings depend for the most part on an attitude of mind. This class of patients is the bane of the conscientious doctor and a blessing to the quack. Their wretchedness is the reason for the latter's existence.

The two main points of Dr. Walsh's argument are well illustrated by these incidents—which are not in the book: On the occasion of the return of Chauncey Depew from one of his frequent trips abroad, many years ago, the present writer asked him: "Senator, did you have any unusual experiences abroad?" "Yes, I did—in Paris," he replied, "I became lame from rheumatism over there and was recommended to a physician. He treated me by means of what he called an electric battery. I took a handle in each hand and he turned a crank. I didn't feel anything, but I began to improve with the first treatment. After two weeks of this I was cured. Then I was informed that I had had no electricity, and that the handles I held were not connected with anything." The second point is corroborated by this statement made publicly by the most eminent and successful New York physician of his day, after thirty years of practice: "I can practice medicine successfully with three therapeutic agents—opium, mercury and quinine."

It makes no difference what agent is used, says Dr. Walsh. Create a belief in it, promulgate it and the rest is easy. Thousands will be "cured" by it. But, he adds, a time will come, sooner or later, when no one will be cured by it any more; it will fall into disuse, and even into disrepute, until at last it is relegated to the limbo of forgotten things. And so he takes up these "magic cures" one by one, tells how they originated, what they did and what became of them. He discusses some that had a great vogue several centuries ago and continues down to present-day psychoanalysis and Coueism. He deals rather gently with Coué; it is to be remembered that the little Frenchman does not proclaim himself as a healer; he asserts that his patients cure themselves by suggesting to their subconscious minds that they are getting better. Psychoanalysis, says the author, will pass; it is on the wane even now, he declares.

Typical of the "personal healers" was Valentine Greatrakes, who was born in Ireland in the generation after Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood. At the age of 40 Greatrakes announced that he could cure the "King's evil" by touching those afflicted with it. This disease was tuberculosis of the glands of the neck. From the time of Edward the Confessor the Kings of England were popularly believed to have inherited the power of curing the malady. Along came Greatrakes, laid claim to the magic power and "cured" thousands suffering from this and other complaints. He practiced on the theory that diseases represented diabolic possessions and that the devils were driven out under his hands. His success depended upon his ability to inspire others with the belief that the Holy Ghost had commissioned him to oust devils. Dr. Walsh says that practically all religious healers have accomplished their results in the same way. Schlatter and Dowie are examples of this type of healer in this country in the present century.

The author hails Phineas Quimby of Portland, Me., as a great pioneer among personal healers. He it was, says Dr. Walsh, who inspired Mrs. Eddy, founder of the Christian Sciences Church, in her career of healing. Quimby began to "cure" through hypnotism in the middle of the last century. His method was to tell patients to fix their minds on some other part of their bodies than that which harbored the pain. If their toes hurt, Quimby told them to think of their fingers; then he rubbed their fingers and banished their pains. Mrs. Eddy, says the author, was treated and cured by Quimby of "spinal nervousness" resulting from a fall. Thereafter she returned to him a number of times to have her cure confirmed, "and gradually elaborated her own method of healing."

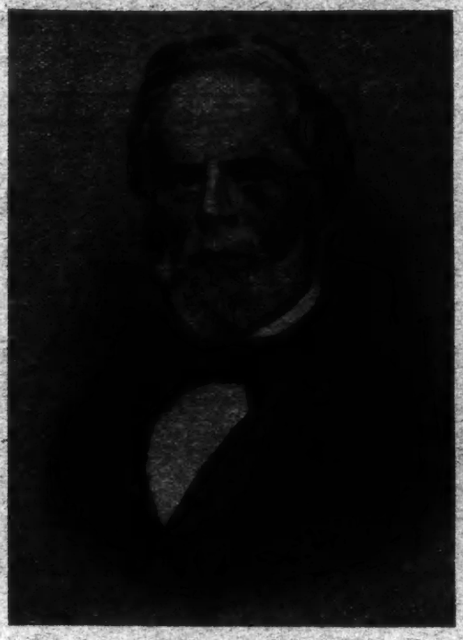
Among drug cures the most famous for several centuries up to the middle of the nineteenth was theriacum, or "the therica," often spoken of as the "calendar" prescription because it contained as many ingredients as there are days in a month. It was taken for everything. At drug stores it was kept in a jug, and it got so that all spelled prescriptions or anything left over after compounding was dumped into the theriac jug. All sorts of persons gave testimonials to the effect that they had been cured by it.

Bishop Berkeley's tar water deserves a high place in the list of popular remedies. The Bishop was a famous English philosopher who lived for two years near Newport, R. I. He wrote a celebrated essay on the virtues of his tar water, by which, he discovered, he could cure himself and his friends of anything and everything. Here is the great recipe: Stir a quart of tar in a gallon of water. Let it stand forty-eight hours. Pour off the water and drink it. It is impossible to obtain any chemical substance from tar by mixing it with water, but the odor of tar remains, so that Bishop Berkeley readily persuaded himself that he was taking medicine. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said of the famous tar water affair: "He begins with the recipe for his favorite fluid and slides by gentle gradations into an examination of the sublimest doctrines of Plato."

In his chapter on "Cures With a Punch" the author calls attention to the virtue that was firmly believed to reside in moss scraped from a dead man's skull or mandrake gathered in a graveyard in the dark of the moon at the midnight hour when ghosts walk. "Cures" effected by these have been reported from ancient times. And, of course, remedies compounded of the tissues of mummies commanded great respect. It was not so long ago that it was possible to buy "mummy" in apothecary shops; but, alas for human frailty, such mummy was usually ordinary meat soaked in preservatives. Nevertheless, it frequently cured pain and headaches which had persisted for months and with which ordinary medical practitioners had proved themselves powerless to cope. The moss from skulls of criminals who had been hanged in chains so that their bodies could not be removed frequently proved to be a strangely powerful therapeutic agent.

The author points out a fact known to every seasoned physician, namely, that many aches, pains and ills are fostered by the element of hysteria and that by gaining a patient's confidence in the efficacy of a prescribed form of treatment wonderful cures are effected.

Take the case of Dr. Elisha Perkins of Norwich, Conn., and his marvelous tractors, more than a hundred years ago. Contemporary historians agree that he was a splendid



Phineas Parkhurst Quimby.

A Pioneer Among American Healers.

American and a devoted, hard-working physician. In 1796 he became convinced that he had observed striking beneficial results when the affected parts of patients were touched by certain metals. Accordingly, he fused several metals and made a pair of short rods, tapering to a blunt point. They contained a little gold. With these he "stroked" his patients. The curative results were amazing. "Tractorfication" became the fad of the hour. "Pains in the head, face, teeth, breast, side, stomach, back, rheumatism and all joint and muscle pains" were cured by the tractors, according to Dr. Perkins's announcement. The bent straightened up and walked erect. All maladies yielded to twenty minutes' downward stroking with the magic tractors. Patents were taken out here and in England. They were supplied to clergymen free; other professional men paid £5 a pair for them, while the price to the less fortunate was £10.

Perkins became famous; he had proved himself a benefactor of mankind, and his fortune was made. A magnificent hospital, called the Perkinean Institution, was erected in London. Lord Rivers was President and Sir William Barker Vice President. Perkins's son was in charge, and at the end of three years he published the details of 5,000 cases treated there, although it was estimated that fully 1,500,000 persons had been "cured" in all by the tractors.

Finally, some hard-headed English doctors proceeded to test their theory that the cures were the work of the imagination. They made some "tractors" of wood, painted them to look like the Perkins invention, obtained the same results from using them, published these—and the bottom promptly fell out of the tractor market. The "cure" went the way of all baseless "cures" that had had their day and failed.

Andrew Jackson Davis, later famous as "The Seer of Poughkeepsie," was a Poughkeepsie shoemaker's apprentice when he heard "Professor" Grimes lecture on "magnetism," and allowed himself to be "magnetized." He formed a partnership with a tailor and in 1844 announced that he had received a Divine commission to heal by magnetism. Later he abandoned the tailor and took up with a physician. Then began a long series of "cures." Davis became all the rage. He lectured here on something he called "Clairmativeness" and wrote interminable jumbles of words which were hailed as the elements of a great new philosophy. His "Revelations" ran into thirty-four editions, and he came near being appointed physician to the United States Senate.

Dr. Walsh deals with the magnet fad; the rise and fall of Mesmer and mesmerism; the vogue and decline of hypnotism, which, he says, is now recognized as being harmful because of the deleterious effect of its practice on character. Absent treatment comes in for a chapter. Under "Appliance Cures" the futility of treatment by means of rubber plasters, liver pads, chest protectors, electric belts, electric medal batteries, electric rings, electric insoles, magic shoes and the blue-glass craze is discussed.

In the chapter on "Manipulation Cures" the author pays his by no means flattering respects to osteopathy and chiropractic, which, he says, are virtually the same. Under the head of "Mystical Cures" are considered the so-called shrine cures and what Dr. Walsh calls "Dr. Conan Doyle's spirit helpers." He takes a decided stand against treatment by psychoanalysis, and predicts that it will soon be thrown into the discard. He calls it a pure mind "cure," and says that, like Coueism, it is a method of treatment which changes the attitude of mind of patients toward their ills, "and of course, like all other means of altering the state of mind, 'cures' people."

This book is dedicated to Dr. George David Stewart, President of the New York Academy of Medicine.

Oneness of European Culture

THE MAKING OF THE WESTERN MIND. A Short Survey of European Culture. By F. Melian Stawell and A. S. Marvin. Illustrated. 363 pages. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

ONE can but admire the courage of an author, or even of two authors upholding each other, who set out to tell in less than 400 pages, which is no more than the length of a rather short novel, the story of the development of literature, science, art, of the birth and growth of intelligence, knowledge and culture in Europe from the dawn of history until the present day. The undertaking is so temerarious that one naturally expects little of the outcome, and therefore it is an agreeable surprise to find how well Messrs. Stawell and Marvin have acquitted themselves, within their limitations. They have not, of course, given more than the barest outline of intellectual development, and even with that they have attempted very little of that digestion of facts which enables such a survey to be made with elucidating, wide-ranging discussion of relations, causes and consequences. But they have chosen the outstanding phases and stages of the intellectual growth of Europe with such care and have presented them with such lucidity that they really give in their brief space a comprehensive conception of their subject.

Dividing their time and space into the four periods of Ancient, Medieval, Renaissance and Modern, they bring out in each one the salient characteristics of its intellectual conditions and development and the lines followed by its dominant tendencies in literature, science, art, religion—all the most important occupations of the human mind. Every now and then they single out some one man who has greatly influenced the thought and life of his own time and has given to culture new and definite direction and study at some length his qualities and his achievements. Thus, Dante in medieval times, Francis Bacon during the Renaissance and Goethe among the moderns are three of those dealt with as men of commanding importance. There are also several chapters, some of them signed by F. S. Marvin, which discuss capably and interestingly some outstanding movement of the intellectual growth or the general life of a period, such as "The Awakening of Science" in the sixteenth century, and the final chapter, on "The Nineteenth Century and Recent Developments," which is an excellent summing up in philosophical spirit of the intellectual progress of the last hundred years. A chronological table listing the most influential men and events in the history of the several European nations for more than 3,000 years makes the book more valuable for the general reader.

The volume helps to make more distinct a tendency that has been noticeable in the output of books during the last two or three years—a desire on the part of thinking people to emphasize the essential unity of mankind and the interdependence and close relations of the separate nationalities. It is the fundamental purpose of this work to show how the whole of Europe has marched onward together in intellectual progress, each nation learning constantly from the others and growing with them, even when they were at death grips in their incessant wars. Commenting on this truth, they emphasize the essential evil of the attempts of the different nations to crush one another and show how much poorer European culture would have been if any one of its peoples had ever been wholly suppressed. And that is a point of view which the world needs to have impressed upon it, at this present time, more than it needs anything else.

The Mountain of Highest Visibility

Diablo in California Commands a Landscape View Equal to Nine-Tenths of the State of New York

LOOK eastward from whatever coign you will on the hills that form San Francisco, and far away, poking its head above the ridges on the opposite shore of the bay, you will see a giant, shadowy camel stalking. This is Mount Diablo, thirty miles east of the city as the crow flies.

It is not much of a mountain, in a State which boasts (and loudly) the Sierras. From sea level to summit is but 3,840 feet. Yet California was happy when, a short time ago, functionaries and dignitaries puffed up the last bit of rugged climb, beyond the end of the automobile road, and dedicated the top as a State park. For Diablo is a mountain apart—literally and in distinction. It is more than the familiar and sentimentally regarded double bump on the San Franciscan's horizon. It is more than the chief point of bearing for a good part of the interior of the State. It is a mountain which, on the word of scientists, probably has not its fellow the whole world round.

In the weighed opinion of so eminent a geologist as Josiah Dwight Whitney, in whose honor the highest peak in the United States was named, the vista to be seen from Diablo summit, under favorable conditions, is probably greater than that from any other mountain.

Professor Whitney's own estimate of the total area that can be seen from Diablo is 40,000 square miles. That comes within 10 per cent. or a little more of equaling the entire area of New York State. Californians have a worship for size and they like to pick on little States for purposes of comparison. Even so, the figures are imposing when the equivalent of Diablo's view is scattered over the Atlantic seaboard. The area to be seen from the summit, all lying within California, is equal to the combined surface of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey and Delaware. Take the Californian's word for it: he has his figures down pat. The aggregate of those seven States is 41,019 square miles.

Professor Whitney stepped forward as Diablo's first press agent in 1865, the same year in which he accepted the Chair of Geology at Harvard. Five years before that he had become State Geologist in California, a post he held till 1874. It was in one of the mountain-like volumes of his State report that he said of Diablo's view:

"The great interior valley of California lies spread out like a map, extending as far as the eye can reach. To the east the view seems illimitable and it is believed that there are few, if any, points on the earth's surface from which so extensive an area may be seen as from Mount Diablo. * * * The whole area thus spread out before the eye can hardly be less than 40,000 square miles, not much less than that of the whole State of New York."

On a clear day the visitor to Diablo's summit, looking to the southeast at the end of a 600-mile vista, can make out the tip of the mountain which was named for Whitney. It lies perhaps four hundred miles away, but its summit, overtopping all others in the United States, soars to 14,522 feet; Mount Whitney drops sheer 11,000 feet on the east to Owens Valley, within eyeshot of the lowest point on the continent.

Diablo's extent of view is due to the accident of position. California is something like 900 miles long and 200 wide, bending at an obtuse angle about two-thirds from the northern limit. On the coast side are ranges broken into by San Francisco Bay. On the eastern edge are the Sierra Nevadas, hedging in the State. At the north, Coast Range and Sierras join. At the point where the angle falls to the south, there is another juncture, and all below that is Southern California. In the middle is a great trough, as flat as a prairie.

On the western edge of this, beside one of the arms of San Francisco Bay, stands Mount Diablo. It is not high, but it is isolated. No neighboring peaks shut off the view; one of the nearest, twenty or thirty miles south, is Mount Hamilton, at whose 4,200 foot top is the Lick Observatory. But Diablo has an unobstructed sweep of the vast, flat valleys which were once grain fields and now are orchards—the Sacramento Valley to the north and the San Joaquin to the south. Beyond them rise the ranges, the great mountains of California, and above the jagged sky-line jut single peaks in the still further distance; Mount Shasta, almost as high as Mount Whitney and 250 miles from Diablo in the opposite direction; Lassen Peak, the 10,000-foot volcano which occasionally acts up and jets a plume of smoke against the heavens.

The statistician has been at work and Diablo's visitor is assured that—if the weather is clear—he can look into thirty-five of the fifty-eight counties which make up California. Some of them lie spread out flat at his feet; some are included by grace of a fraction of area spurting up in the form of a needle peak, visible from here beyond the piled rolling hills and the curve of the earth. The theoretic range of vision is only sixty-five miles each way. But the earth here is not flat; it is saucered, and the rise of ground and swell of mountains upsets the tabulated calculations.

Diablo, then, is not a Woolworth tower soaring above adjacent piles, but rather an unambitious church steeple standing alone in the flatness of a suburb, giving a survey of the levels at hand and of the distant skyline of Manhattan.

That is, it gives the vista when the weather is right. Alas! the weather mostly refuses to perform. Half a dozen days a year account for the peak's celebrity: clear, sharp days when the wind is cold from the peaks to the north and the air is like a glass.

There are other days when distance is lost entirely in a dullish haze which turns the big valleys into a nebulous nothing and wipes out the ranges in the background.

And there are still other days, and commoner, when the sea fogs billow in from the Pacific. They are drawn through the gap that makes the Golden Gate and he who climbs above them to the summit of Diablo looks upon an ocean of cloud. It is then that Diablo recalls the description of

Delta of California's Two Main Rivers, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, Seen From the Main Peak of Mount Diablo, From Which They Were Discovered in 1772. The Second Peak Is in the Immediate Foreground, the Snow-Capped Sierras Are Visible in the Distance.

Drawing by E. M. Frandsen.

itself, shifting in its convolutions; there in the enticement of glimpses of landscape near at hand, seen through a rift and gone again with another shift of swirling mist. And there is the glow of light on that upper surface, clouds seen upside down. Your true devotee sets out by night, enticed by the prospect of the ruddy rising sun casting long level rays across the tops of hillocks of mist and throwing the shadow of the peak miles across the surface of the fog.

It is but a few months more than 150 years since the first white men looked down on the region in which Caucasian life in central California had its beginnings, and they did their looking from Mount Diablo.

The Franciscans had reached further and further north with their chain of missions, picking out the fat places of the new land. In 1772 Father Juan Crespi and Captain Don Pedro Fages obtained permission from Junipero Serra, founder of the missions, and with a corporal's guard set forth exploring northward. The date means little in the East, but in California it is the dimmest antiquity. Crespi and Feges adventured into the San Francisco Bay region and, turning Eastward, climbed Diablo. They were the first whites there.

Looking to the north, they saw Suisun Bay six miles away; and just above it a river delta; the juncture of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin Rivers, which drain the two sections of the State's interior trough, the valleys that bear the rivers' names.

The Indians had paid homage to the mountain before that, however. Northward, in the middle of the Sacramento Valley, is a little pile of infant peaks, the Marysville Buttes. In the Indian legend, the Great Spirit made the Sierras and then decided to make the Coast Range; he filled his hands with earth from the mountains already made and strode westward toward the coast, to build anew, and as he walked and some crumbs fell from his fingers and became the Marysville Buttes. Mount Diablo, however, in Indian legend, was given the slight of no accidental birth.

The tribes called it Diablo Kah Woo Koom, which is said to mean the Mountain of Laughter. The attribution to the devil came in Spanish days, when the land about had been turned into holdings with such names as El Rancho Arroyo de las Nueces y Bolbones and El Rancho Laguna de los Palos Colorados. Kah Woo Koom became El Monte del Diablo—the mountain of the devil—and the reason is found today in various legends, more or less piously preserved. The most popular (it is very likely as reliable as any) is the basis of one of the lesser tales of Bret Harte. He calls it simply "The Legend of Monte del Diablo," and his opening sentence is a warning: "The cautious reader will detect a lack of authenticity in the following pages."

The tale is of Father José Antonio Haro, a figure much like Father Crespi the explorer, but the time in the story is 1770, two years before Crespi's expedition.

Haro, in Harte's tale, sets out from the Mission of San Pablo with a party of converted Indians, including the muleteer Ignacio, and in time they came to the mountain. Ignacio sees the Enemy of Souls, in the form of a bear, posed in mockery of prayer. The tale continues:

"The next morning the party, issuing from a narrow gorge, came upon a long valley, seared and burned with the shadeless heat. Its lower extremity was lost in a fading line of low hills, which, gathering might and volume toward the upper end of the valley, upheaved a stupendous bulwark against the breezy north. The peak of this awful spur was just touched by a fleecy cloud that shifted to and fro like a banneret. Father José gazed at it with mingled awe and admiration. By a singular coincidence the muleteer Ignacio uttered the simple ejaculation, 'Diablo!'"

They climb above the fog. The padre meets the devil: an affable, an urbane devil. In the end Father José wins a spiritual victory, but his companions find him unconscious, mauled as by a bear.

Before Harte's day, the first session of the California Legislature appointed a commission to report on the origin of place names. The report brings forth an Indian version of the Angels of Mons: a gigantic figure in feathers and war paint, seen by the red men as they battled a Spanish military expedition sent in 1806 against the tribes at the base.

Harte would seem to have the best of it, on probability, but he pictures a ruggeder mountain than is to be seen today. Yet there are gorges, though small, and fantastic rocks and caverns. California's pet bandits, Murietta and Vasquez who ranged all the northern part of the State when it was still cattle and wheat country, used the fastnesses of Diablo for hiding places. In truth, one can't wander out of sight of the railroad in any California hill region without coming upon a hiding place of one or the other, but Diablo's claim seems to be indisputable. Before their time, however, Diablo had been turned to more orderly account: Since 1851 it has been the meridian base for all Northern California surveys.

(Continued on Page 28)

THE WORLD OF ART:

Garden Making, a Modern Sculptor and Old Masters' Drawings

Looking Across the Formal Garden to the Lawn, Estate of Percy Bartram, Caritas Island, Stamford, Conn.

Satisfaction in Gardens

By CHARLES DOWNING LAY

GARDENS have always been an attractive subject for the essayist, for they appeal to our deepest longing for ease and pleasure and have ever seemed the perfect environment for human activity. That our first parents allowed themselves to be driven from their garden to live by toil must always be held against them. It was an injury to their descendants which can scarcely be forgiven. Our interest in gardens must be partly due to a desire to escape the toil to which they condemned us and to enjoy a few happy hours in our private Eden where we really belong.

Bacon's famous essay "Of Gardens" describes the features of a garden which gave him pleasure, such as the cool shade of pleached alleys, the soft herbage underfoot and the many fragrances wafted on the air. Such things are indispensable parts of a garden, which should be a little world of joys calculated to interest and delight people of many different tastes.

The horticultural interest in a garden is important. It is an amusement and an occupation to grow, to plant and transplant, to prune, to train and to watch the progress through the season of each plant, for a plant may to some people acquire a character of its own. Without some one with a horticultural interest in the garden it would, of course, cease to be a garden, and indeed if the garden affords nothing more than this gratification it is still worth what it costs.

Other people will find in the garden a stimulation to scientific inquiry and will use it as a laboratory for studies in botany, in biometry, in the chemistry or bacteriology of the soils. Or they may take an interest in its plants as medicinal herbs or as subjects for the propagation and origin of new varieties of freakish habits of growth, or of great size.

But to every one it is the most pleasing environment imaginable and it is felt to minister justly to our need of ease, softness and sensual delight. It must always be an oasis in a desert and show by its luxuriant growth that that particular spot is favored by nature with a richer soil and more abundant water. It must show, too, the care of man past or present, for who can imagine a paradise without human inhabitants? To be seen at its best a garden must be full of people, in gay costumes, moving about constantly and with the soft patter of voices and laughter enriching the murmur of the pine trees and the fluttering of the maple leaves. For the garden like any landscape needs other colors than green, and even when full of bloom it is helped by the bright colors of Summer costumes.

These are the pleasures that Bacon wrote of, but if a garden can be no more than this it is only a little more than any pleasant outdoor spot. The something more which the garden must have is the emotion of beauty, which must be aroused in us by the garden as a whole. Charming flowers, wonderful colors, sweet perfumes, do not of themselves make a garden beautiful. That is the danger of the horticultural interest, that we be led to think that perfectly grown roses or dahlias are all that is required for a beautiful garden.

There has been too much talk and too much insistence on "color in the garden," on "color schemes" for the garden, on continuous bloom in the garden, whereas the fact is that color in the garden is easy to manage if it be not overdone. There is no surer way to destroy the design of a garden than to have too many brilliant flowers in the wrong places. The garden may be most beautiful without a single flower. If it has not some beauty in a dull season we may be sure that it is not a good design. So many people seem not to realize that color in the garden is harmonized, intensified or reduced and is constantly changing with the light of the sun and the sky and the clouds, so that the cleverest of color schemes may easily be upset by the light in which it is seen. The garden, too, has dull times and a garden in this climate which is full of flowers in August bores me, for few self-respecting flowers will bloom then, nor do I care to see them. If a garden must have it period of dishabille and hot weather dress can we not be patient and wait for a more suitable occasion to see it?

The emotion of beauty is to be aroused in us in several ways, which are common to all arts, but in gardens chiefly, I think, in the emotion we feel through the perception of space relations; that is, the relations of various objects in the garden to each other and the whole and of the whole to all that is seen to surround it. This happy perfection is to be produced only by an artist studying the site and the scheme for the proposed garden, and then, by a combination of hard work, inspiration and happy accident, making a plan which fits all the conditions and is also beautiful. Space composition is a quality which is seen and felt more readily than it is explained, though it is not mystical, not esoteric, not a quality injected into the design by suggestion. It is not for nothing that the designer encloses the garden with a wall or hedge, or puts a clipped box bush in one place or another, or a garden house or pergola in a certain spot, for it is in this and other ways that he obtains his space compositions.

Design in gardens has an analogy with painting, but it is not complete, for design with objects is not the same as design in a picture. The garden must, if it is symmetrical, be seen from only two points to appreciate that symmetry. If it is unsymmetrical, it must have what is called occult balance, like a Chinese painting.

American gardens, I think, will some day reach a high point of artistic excellence, for American landscape architects have already done notable work and are constantly becoming more skilled technicians and more competent designers. The American garden is sometimes copied from Italian or French or English phototypes, but, like our domestic architecture, it is coming to have a native flavor. There are not many of our houses and fewer of our gardens which, if transported to Europe and compared on the spot with similar work, would not at once be recognized as something new and different. This is all in our favor and shows the vitality of our creative instinct, which uses old forms in new ways to create a new type or composition. Our best gardens seem perfectly adapted to their situation and climate and to the life which we live in them. We are learning, too, to use our native trees, shrubs and plants, and are all the time becoming less dependent on Europe for such things than formerly. However much we may wish for the cypress and ilex of Italy, for which there is no substitute in this climate, we are learning to use the pine and the maple in ways which give an effect no less striking though different.

We cannot reproduce the aspect of Europe and should not try to, for our own landscape and our own gardens may be more pleasing and certainly they have a spirit of their own which makes them more suitable for the conditions of this country. Our efforts should be to get the highest emotional expression of which our material is capable.

The worship of the wild which has been so much in fashion has hurt the cult of the garden, for many people who are led into this modern religion of outdoors jump to the conclusion that anything which is cultivated is spoiled. They get sometimes into curious byways of thought. A tree they think must grow singly in a lawn and become a sample of what a tree should be, yet if they stop to think they must realize that a specimen tree is rare in wild nature. The most artificial perhaps of all contraptions is the so-called wild garden in which one finds all the plants of the hedgerow huddled in an unhappy association. The wild gardener should study a little the natural associations of plants as they are found at large and try to produce a similar effect at home. The success of his work depends upon a simulation of natural conditions, and the use of plants which are commonly in association in such a place.

A formal garden is displeasing to the lovers of untamed nature. They think it stiff and restrained and they would at all costs have freedom. They cannot realize that the restrictions of formality give a chance to produce a kind of beauty which is unknown in nature. In like manner the amateur is often impatient of the self-imposed conditions of any art and with a determination to be self-expressive throws caution to the winds. So they feel that professional advice is destructive of the opportunity for self-expression. They do not realize, perhaps, that the professional is better able to express what is seething within them than they are, and that after a short association with the professional they may have more to express, which they will be able to do with his help. For the true professional is ever ready to give of his talent for the benefit of another and to hold the hand of the untrained while they traverse rough and unfamiliar ways.

Size, of course, has nothing to do with the beauty of a garden. We may get as much of a thrill in a small garden as in a large one, and in so far as perfection of detail counts in the final impression, a small garden is likely to be better. We have all seen the ambitious large garden going to weeds, unkempt, rough on all the edges, and wished that the same effort had been spread over less ground. Our grand American way of gardening over the whole earth will hardly do in these days of labor scarcity.

It is beauty of design and perfection of detail that must be sought in gardens. If our garden be not the best possible for that spot, is it good enough? As our appreciation of beauty in gardens increases with observation we will, I think, be demanding all the time greater perfection in their artistic qualities. And is it not just that we should do so on sentimental grounds? Though weeds appear to be happy on the roadside, should not the lady rose have a fairer home? We cannot for long be satisfied to look from the windows of our richly furnished homes, which have required such study, on a scene of dullness, bad taste or disorder. To have the view from the windows in keeping with the interior must some day seem necessary. Was not Bacon right when he said:

> And a Man shall ever see, that when Ages grow to Civility and Elegancy, Men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely; as if Gardening were the Greater Perfection.

Rock Garden, Caritas Island.

A Visit to Brancusi's

By ANGUS WILSON

ONLY the greatest artists of an age have the courage to forego the flattering clamor of the madding crowd, to withdraw themselves from the vortex of "Bohemia," and to chisel out their artistic salvation unaided and alone. Only in them does the impulse to create balance in intensity the ecstasy of creation. Of such in our own time were Cézanne, Van Gogh, and to a lesser extent Gauguin. Of such today is Brancusi.

Yet even the great little Brancusi seems in danger almost daily, one fears, on account of his courtesy and his coffee—of becoming part of the

"Paris stunt"; something of the same intriguing piquancy accompanies a visit to his studio as was associated with sipping citryna herbata with an exotic Russian madame some time ago when the Ballet was about; it is a social accomplishment much prised among the cognoscenti. But perhaps it is little wonder.

Brancusi is not often seen in the regular cafés of the Quarter, in these centres of thumbnail intrigue, the Dome and the Rotonde which, face to face on either side of the Boulevard Montparnasse, quiz slyly through a fringe of swaying catalpa leaves the least movement into, in, or out of the world of art. He prefers the solitude of his commodious white retreat off one of the side streets behind the Gare.

You enter the court through a heavy ivy-oppressed door. Immediately facing this is a high, straight-fronted brick villa, and to the right stands the sculptor's studio. A brisk, gritty shuffle, as of sabots on a marble-dusted floor, followed by an agitated "Entrez!" answers your knock on the great swing doors, and unceremoniously, but with the rarest courtesy, the Master himself shows you in. It is usual to take him flowers—curled irises, peonies not yet at the full, lilies, flowers with clean contours and distinctive form—which he says he loves comme une jeune fille. So the place is often crowded with them, visiting cards put about in pots and jars on blocks of uncut stone.

It is rather like stepping suddenly out of the vortex of Paris into the middle of a still, white forest. Marbles and stands are strewn in disorder everywhere, yet despite this disorder the air hangs calm as it may for Summer-morning chestnut trees; and into this living stillness sunrays slide from the high square windows, striking the finished pieces and revealing the loveliness of their form. And all the time the short, native figure in loose Donegals, with coarse wool shirt open at the throat and rebellious gray hair, moves busily over the gritty floor in his sabots, lifting the dust-cloths from his gleaming bronze heads and busts, turning his ovoids, or raising one or other of his exquisite white stone "Birds" to a better vantage point. He speaks little, but even in his native French, yet there is an eloquence in the caress of his short, worn hands and in the critical swallow-glances of his deepset eyes that is a stranger to the demeanor of the lesser artist. Brancusi seems to be weighing all the time.

Possibly this is a contributory influence toward the extraordinary scientific precision of his work; the actual physical balance of it is amazing. "Abstract" in the every-day sense as it invariably is—though the natural form from which each piece originally sprung is in almost every case apparent—all his statues possess such a perfect sense of balance that they have the dignity and repose of naturally created things. They are natural and infinitely lovely creatures of the sunlit stillness that surrounds them.

He has been making these "Birds," they say, for years, again and again—the one I saw was a slender shape of the purest marble about three feet high and tapering so finely as almost to form a thread where it joined its diminished pedestal—yet, as Mr. Ezra Pound remarks, though they appear identical in reproduction, there is perhaps six months' work and twenty years' knowledge between one model and another. It is an attempt, he says, to solve the "maddeningly difficult problem of getting all the forms into one form," and Brancusi, with characteristic indifference, disarms any critics by asking them to wait until he is in the churchyard before they discuss esthetics with him.

In addition to several "Birds," one each in white stone, yellow marble, and wood, and all, though springing from the same basic idea, entirely different in completion, several marble ovoids—stone egg-shapes—some subtly grooved, others perfectly simple, were exhibited; also a head-shape softly balanced in repose on the curve of one cheek, the eyes made just perceptible by a faint ripple in the bronze; his wildly criticised and as wildly acclaimed "Mme. Napoleon," and a burnished bronze bust. Most of his work is small in scale, and it has been suggested that Brancusi, in his revolt against the monumental in sculpture and his pursuit of the aerial has attempted, notably in his ovoids, to release pure form from the influence of gravitation.

However, be this so or not, when you visit him, Brancusi does not relax the point for you to argue; he sternly bows you, when you have seen everything, to a rough divan and shows you some of his own photographic reproductions, and makes the Turkish coffee, grinding it himself, of which you are apt to hear so much more than of his sculpture. While he is heating the water he tells you of his early life, of his years at the academies and how the study there cramped his work. And he says: "Look at the body of a man or of a woman. Isn't it a lovely thing? But how foolish to try to copy it! Is it not better for the artist to try to create something beautiful of his own?"

If, instead of his coffee, his innumerable visitors would remember only that . . .

Scene in a Kitchen, Taddeo Zuccaro (1529-1566).
From Old Master Drawings.

Mother and Child. Drawing by George Pinwhael (1842-1873).
From Old Master Drawings.

Old Masters' Drawings

THE taste for original drawings can exist to an impressive degree only in a community of sufficient cultivation to trust itself. To be able to tell a good drawing you must know what a good drawing is. There is no way out. A print collector may place a special value on his particular impression because it is earlier than one owned by a rival, or because a silly scratch in the upper left corner indicates an unlisted "state," or because it is one of five impressions printed on green paper. Nothing of the kind works in the case of drawings. There is no unit of measurement in comparing values. Each drawing is unique and you must enjoy it for what you find in it. It provides a particularly horrid test for the purely bookish collector who can find in it only what books and criticisms have led him to expect.

Henry Scipio Reitlinger's new book "Old Master Drawings" (New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.), is written for amateurs and collectors as a stimulating invitation to enter the field, rather than a critical history of the subject. His preliminary chapters contain much information gathered at first hand from personal experience and a series of interesting comments upon different schools and types of drawings.

London is the place to hunt for your material unless you want eighteenth or nineteenth century French masters, which imposes Paris. He has found Italy and Germany drained quite dry since the war, and he discourages searching in small towns and country places, as portfolios seldom gravitate to these. His advice as to gaining the discrimination of an expert in selecting may be summed up in a single sentence: "Use your eyes." Nothing else will serve the purpose. Study museum collections and photographs of inaccessible originals. Go swiftly through a collection to impress leading characteristics upon the mind. Go back to it and work through it more slowly, trying to identify the artists without looking at the labels. In the saleroom look at the drawings first, later at the catalogue ascription. In every possible way train the eye, persistently and with system. Nothing else counts.

Even the most highly trained eye cannot always be counted upon. Mr. Reitlinger makes the usual confession of a candid connoisseur that he has had difficulty in distinguishing between an original drawing and a forgery. An instance of some significance is the trouble he had with a fine portrait drawing by Rembrandt and a legitimate copy made by Josi for an engraved reproduction. The two were hung together in the exhibition of the Burlington Fine Arts Club and even this deeply experienced student of the old masters hardly could say which was which.

Nevertheless he is right in thinking that close familiarity with a master's authentic works is the only safeguard against being deceived by an old copy or a modern forgery. Their aspect becomes as personal as the sound of a friend's voice which you would set against all denial of his identity.

When you are confronted with an obviously original drawing, neither a copy nor a forgery, the question of ascription comes up and you are out at sea in an open boat. The closer your familiarity with the old masters the more cautious you become in saddling them with fresh responsibilities.

The group of seventy-two drawings chosen for reproduction from the author's collection have been selected to illustrate the possibilities within reach at the present day. The finest examples of the great masters are no longer to be had, having found permanent homes in the printrooms of museums and libraries, but the illustrations, the author thinks, will convince the amateur that much beauty may be his for the seeking.

It is interesting to note in how many instances no certain attribution is attempted. A rich little sanguine offers evidence in favor of Franciabigio that is "if not certain, extremely strong." A "Marriage Ceremony" is given by an old ascription to Salviati, which is "fairly plausible." An "Allegory of Fortune" should be taken "rather seriously" as by Domenichino, although the ascription is "not entirely convincing." There is "strong evidence in favor" of a landscape with a river having been done by Victor Brenghel the Elder; "A Girl Holding a Jug" is given only "provisionally" to Lopicki. On the other hand, a kneeling figure is given unreservedly to the giant Tintoretto with the comment that it is "imbued with all the haste and violence of his dramatic nature," while other qualities fail to reveal themselves to the amateur, the drawing having a peculiarly mild appearance.

Two School Boys.
Francis Wheatley (1747-1801).

SOUTHEY DECLINES ROYAL SOCIETY MEDAL BECAUSE MERCURY WAS CLAD CHIEFLY IN SANDALS

Latest Works of Fiction

BREAD. By Charles G. Norris. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

CHARLES G. NORRIS is a self-made novelist. Nature ordained him to occupy a pulpit, preferably a Catholic pulpit; but for some reason—perhaps because his wife is a popular novelist and his brother was a great one—he elected to teach himself to write novels in order to preach to a larger crowd. We hear on high authority that no man by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature; yet Norris has added several cubits to his artistic stature by sheer application. The inborn talent for the vivid picture and the happy phrase that his wife possesses and is inclined to waste on trivialities was not given to him. He is not and perhaps never will be a good writer, but he has made himself a good novelist, one who improves at each effort. As Norris the novelist increases in wisdom and stature, Norris the preacher shrinks and shrivels; but, unfortunately, he has not yet disappeared, and the defects of this book are due to him.

"Bread" is dedicated "To the Working Women of America," somewhat in the manner of a Presidential proclamation. Contemporary American novelists seem to like large subjects, grand themes, sweeping judgments; those who remember Preacher Norris's past summaries of education and marriage will prepare themselves, after reading the dedication and the publisher's advertising, for the complete and final truth about working women. What they will find, perhaps with relief, is a veracious and interesting story about one working woman, disfigured by the injection of a dozen pages full of dull, irrelevant and unconvincing propaganda.

This great conclusion toward which the whole creation moves is found on pages 457 to 469, which can just as well be cut out and thrown away by those who want to enjoy a good novel and fail to appreciate the author's views on the position of women. In his pontifical capacity Mr. Norris agrees, in substance, with the late Kaiser. Woman's place is in the home; specifically in the nursery or the kitchen, except for such time as she is confined to the obstetrical bed. If she is a widow, or so homely that nobody asks her in marriage, she may be permitted to go out and work for a living. Not otherwise. If she gets used to earning her own living she is likely to "regard marriage with indifference." If she marries, the knowledge that she can go back to her job (provided she is childless) in case the marriage doesn't turn out well makes her "critical," and she doesn't want children because they might prevent her from going back to the job. "Women are devised by nature to be home-builders and mothers. Anything tending to deflect them from fulfilling their destiny is contrary to nature and is doomed to failure or to have bound up in it its own punishment."

This pastoral letter was presumably the occasion for the novel, and certainly will give it much of its sale. It will sell for the same reason that a speech in favor of the protective tariff is applauded at a Republican rally—because a good many people agree with Norris the preacher. Among those who do not is Norris the novelist. The novel which was apparently written to build up this conclusion is about as poor an argument for it as could be imagined, and if proof is needed that Norris the novelist is on the way to putting Norris the preacher out of business it may be found in the rigid, artistic conscience which kept the story faithful to life at the cost of its value as a parable.

Jeannette Sturgis, his heroine, is a woman of natural executive ability who rapidly rises in her business about as high as a woman can rise. (That is not high enough, and Mr. Norris says some commendable things on that point, apparently without realising that they, too, in the long run, tell against his main argument.) Through a combination of circumstances which could be made more plausible than it is she marries Martin Devlin, a good mixer and good spender who can't bring himself to economize and get out of debt even when she makes that a condition precedent to having a child; so, eventually, she goes back to the job. Fourteen years later, successful, middle-aged and lonesome, she hunts up Martin to find him happily married to a home-loving woman; whereupon Jeannette goes back to her Greenwich Village apartment to lavish her surplus affection on the cat.

This summary does less than justice to the novel, but it boils down Preacher Norris's evidence to its lowest terms. Now why was Jeannette's marriage a failure? Obviously because, while both she and her husband had a good deal of talent for business, neither of them had much of a gift for marriage. That the knowledge that his wife could at any moment go back to her job might, and perhaps should, have a chastening effect on a husband, doesn't appear to have occurred to Mr. Norris. Martin would go on being what he was, and it was his wife's business to make the concessions. Martin's second marriage was successful, so far as we are permitted to infer, because his second wife was more pliant—and because by that time (having gone into another business) he was making the large income which he needed as fertiliser for the flowers of domestic and civic virtue. With as much money he might have stayed happily married to Jeannette.

If Jeannette had gone on and had children on a small income, before the debts were paid, she would in all probability have been a good deal more miserable at 43 than she actually was in her occasional moments of loneliness. For we are told explicity that she was happier in the office than in her home; and that fact stands out from the story. Norris the novelist is an honest man; he won't falsify the record even to make his point. Jeannette's sister was (on the whole) happily married though poor and fecund because she was a sweet little home girl who (as again this honest records admits) would have starved to death if she had had to support even herself.

It may be, of course, that everybody should marry early and stay married, whether successfully or not, and that wives should submit themselves to their husbands. But these are matters of dogma with which some few heretics will take leave to disagree. It stands out from Norris's book that his heroine had chosen what was for her the better part. Certainly, at times, she didn't like it; but the times when she didn't like marriage—and marriage in its easiest phase—were more frequent. After all, one has yet to hear of the occupation which is 100 per cent. satisfactory all the time.

Since it seems to be the function of the American novel to convey a message, it may be said that a moral lesson could easily be drawn from the story of Jeannette Sturgis; but only the old and somewhat hackneyed one that you can't eat your cake and have it too, and even that is not universally valid. There ought to be general satisfaction over the prospective demise of Preacher Norris and the prospective continuation of Novelist Norris. America is full of novelists able to say the last word on questions which had remained unsettled until the coming of this enlightened age, but there are not many who can so surely catch the feeling of business life and the relation of business workers to the machine.

EXILE OF THE LARIAT.

THE EXILE OF THE LARIAT. By Honore Willsie. 357 pp. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

MRS. WILLSIE'S latest excursion in fiction is an unusual one and may be described as a Western story for clubwomen. It is a strange mixture of gunpowder and soap powder.

The gunpowder ingredient is of excellent quality, for Mrs. Willsie knows the West and has supplied true Wyoming color and feeling in abundant measure. Excellent, too, is the soap powder component; the author understands the new woman and sympathizes with the petticoat influence in politics. It remains for the public to say whether or not the queer pudding is palatable.

Hugh Stewart is not a conventional Western-story hero. That much, at least, can be said in his favor. We are assured, also, that he has a wonderfully charming personality, if he would only let it out. Everybody in the story tells us so repeatedly.

But, alas! he is a chronic paleontologist. Worse still, he is continually misunderstood by the rude, untutored people he has to live among, especially by his broad-shouldered wife and his busybody mother-in-law. Everybody in Fort Sioux is always picking on him for his addiction to dinosaurs. "If he would only run for public office," his neighbors say, "or do something else worth while." And he is always talking in full, round, oratorical sentences about his Life Work and its all-absorbing importance to him. For such a hero it is hard to work up much sympathy. In this respect Mrs. Willsie has deliberately put her novel under a heavy handicap.

When Hugh forgets his Life Work and behaves as a Zane Grey hero would behave amid such gorgeous settings as Mrs. Willsie provides, we see that he is quite a man. He handles most gamely the situation in the canyon where the falling airplane stampedes the wild horses and the maddened gray stallion attacks the flivver load of frightened State Federation women who are stalled crosswise on the bridge. But after he has roped the savage horse, subdued the stampede, saved the clubwomen, succored the wounded Indian drover, extricated the aviator from the wreck and otherwise restored order to the wild Western scene, he falls back into his everlasting paleontology and makes us tired.

He made his wife so tired that she left him. He bade her go—a perfectly good, handsome, broad-shouldered, horse-riding Western girl. In the high and noble diction of a Phi Beta Kappa valedictorian, he told her that she had killed his love for her by forever misunderstanding his passion for extinct flying lizards. Frankly, until page 350, he is at no time a good egg. Yet Mrs. Willsie runs him for Governor of Wyoming and elects him, too, the clubwomen of the State helping. Politics makes strange associates.

What Mrs. Willsie would show is that a man's duty to his Work is less important than his duty to Society. With her hero such a stick, she has a hard job to prove her thesis. The by-products of her effort are better; her backdrops of mountain and desert are splendidly done, and her character bits carry the conviction of real life. But the cow-puncher school of fiction has spoiled us. We want our hero to be a good fellow. We refuse to force a salt tear over a pig-headed paleontologist, a self-centered fossil hunter, no matter how often we are told that he has a beautiful, full-curved, sensitive and ardent mouth.

THE LATE MATTIA PASCAL

THE LATE MATTIA PASCAL (Il fu Mattia Pascal). By Luigi Pirandello. Translated from the Italian by Arthur Livingston. 321 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

THE Italian novelist and playwright Luigi Pirandello, who has long been a literary figure of importance in his own country, was scarcely known to Americans until last Winter, when his drama "Six Characters in Search of an Author" filled a successful engagement on the New York stage. Pirandello's notable novel, "Il fu Mattia Pascal," has now been made accessible in English through the very scholarly translation by Arthur Livingston. Dr. Livingston's rendering of the title is "The Late Mattia Pascal."

"The Late Mattia Pascal" is, in its very quiet way, one of the most entertaining novels that has appeared for many and many a day. The plot—if plot there be—is whimsical to a degree. At the same time it is not extravagant. On the contrary, the story is profoundly human, its humanity being the result of a keenly searching psychological and spiritual analysis. This combination—of whimsicality and keen psychology—carried through with a mastery of literary method that never falters, makes "The Late Mattia Pascal" a book that is rare, indeed, and stamps Pirandello as a novelist to be reckoned with. It may be that the term "masterpiece" is a little too wide in its implications to apply here. Yet in a way—a fragile way—the novel is a masterpiece. At the least, the novel is unique.

The story that lies behind the whim of the plot is profoundly philosophical, the thesis being nothing less than the problem of man's freedom of action, man's freedom of will, in short. But so cleverly is the argument handled that the reader is all but totally unaware of the really abstruse question that is being debated pro and con.

Mattia Pascal, whose patrimony had been stolen by a rascally agent or trustee, who is married to a shrewish wife and ruled over by a still more shrewish mother-in-law, finally escapes on what, but for his "demise," would have been merely a short vacation from the little Italian town in which is his home and where he fills an insignificant post as librarian. But on this vacation Pascal wanders to Monte Carlo where—reversing the usual procedure of novel heroes—he not only wins but also keeps a considerable fortune.

Up to this point Pirandello's novel—except for the fact that Mattia succeeds in getting himself out of Monte Carlo with the bulk of his winnings intact—does not promise anything out of the ordinary. "An amazing story," the reader would say, "but not especially original." The picture of the quarreling Italian family—verging on buffoonery—barely holds the attention, and, truth to say, the reader is half inclined to abandon the book. Then comes the flashing stroke of imagination by which the novel is turned from the commonplace to one of the most original of stories. Mattia Pascal picks up the newspaper to read that a dead body had been discovered in the mill flume at his home, that the drowned man had been identified as himself, and that he, Mattia Pascal, lies securely buried in the local cemetery! And all at once, recovering from the consternation of reading his own obituary, Mattia Pascal realizes that at last he is free—free from poverty because of his winning at roulette, free from shrewish wife and domineering mother-in-law because of the stupid identification of a stranger accidentally drowned. A new world opens before him. He has his appearance altered by the barber, buys new clothes and under the assumed name of "Andriano Meis" sets out to enjoy that freedom.

Pirandello now has his problem set. Can a man be truly free? Can he break absolutely with his former life and be a new and different one? Or will the forces of his old existence still operate to mold and restrain? Andriano Meis answers these questions. The freedom he thought to enjoy had proved to be but a mirage; the old existence proved too strong for the new to shake it clear.

It must be admitted, however, that Pirandello is not quite the thoroughgoing scientist that he seems to be. The novelist being an Italian, it is impossible for him to pose Andriano Meis as quite detached from Mattia Pascal, even at the moment when he

is seemingly absolutely detached. The marriage of Pascal of course holds, for his Church does not admit divorce. And as a European cannot travel without constantly having to satisfy the police as to his identity and the nature of his business, Andriano Meis is never able to get a running start, so to speak. In consequence, when Andriano falls in love and finds that he is also loved, he has to flee or else reveal, not his identity, but the fact that he could not under any circumstances marry any woman so long as his wife lived. An American novelist handling this problem could have had his hero emerge from Reno instead of Monte Carlo.

It should be noted, however, that it is not the love episode, with its entanglements, on which the outcome of the story turns. Pirandello is far too shrewd for that. Just as before, when his novel seemed not to rise above the commonplace, and he suddenly lifted it to the heights with a single stroke of genius, so here, with another stroke of genius, he rescues it before it becomes banal. It is not the murky sentimentality of love, but the solvent of clarifying laughter, that Pirandello uses for a precipitant. The Italian novelist—with Latin courage—dares to make his hero ridiculous. Andriano Meis is forced into a situation where he must fight a duel, and as he can procure no seconds among the army officers to whom he appeals without revealing himself as Mattia Pascal, he becomes, in his predicament, the butt of their jokes. The upshot is that Andriano Meis decides upon "suicide," and Mattia Pascal returns to his home.

It is a question whether the novel should not have ended at this point. The problem has been set and the answer arrived at. But Pirandello is not content to write Q. E. D. The author, equally philosopher and humorist, having made one good joke, evidently felt that it deserved another; having made his hero ridiculous once, he decided to make him ridiculous again. Mattia Pascal returns home to find that his wife not only has married again (he being legally dead), but also has become a mother by her second husband. Actually this should be the start of a new novel, not the finish of the old, for it imposes an entirely new set of problems.

Yet why quarrel with Pirandello? He is not the first novelist who has not known where and when to stop, and he will not be the last. No single defeat—no dozen defeats—could ruin "The Late Mattia Pascal."

In point of style, Pirandello's novel is more than ordinarily interesting. There is little coloring, and climax is always hinted at rather than developed. The adjective "fragile" was used above. Pirandello's work seems to be as thin porcelain, but without the hardness of porcelain. The humor in his make-up—for it is the keen, unsparing humor of the Latin—is tempered and balanced by the humanity of his philosophy, and it is in this balance that the uniqueness of the book lies; it is this tempering of laughter with thought—and the vivification of philosophy with laughter—that makes "The Late Mattia Pascal" a rare book.

INVISIBLE WINGS

INVISIBLE WINGS. By Mary Geery Grant. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $2.

REFERENCE is made so frequently to "baser" and "higher" nature in the composition of Mrs. Grant's characters that one is astonished not to find descriptions of these characters in terms of their "vapors," "humors" and "faculties," those other trappings of medieval thought. It is to be expected, if Mrs. Grant's characters all have explicitly separated "animal" and "spiritual" selves, that there will be persons of the drama who are seldom other than animated exhortations to the inspired and idealistic life. The reader may even be betrayed into a hope that the bad ones, so rich and jolly and contented as the novel opens, will be punished as they deserve, and the good ones rewarded. Such anticipation is amply to be fulfilled in "Invisible Wings." It pays to be good, at least in fiction.

Mrs. Grant is not satisfied with a simplification of whatever conflict there is in the novel to the broadest and least differentiated moral values; she must needs shape the whole thing to a great truth that shall stand in the stead of a synthesis. Her truth is formulated in the words: "Knowledge is power." The heroine, Doreen O'Moore, is therefore devoted, not only to the improvement of her immediate circle, but to the eradication of social evils, particularly that of the untrained woman. Vocational training for women to rescue them from the greedy, clutching hands of rich "elemental" men—this is Doreen O'Moore's "message," one of them. Another is the abolition of child labor. This concentration upon specific current problems prevents Mrs. Grant's novel from being the allegory of abstract virtues and vices, thinly personified, which it so nearly becomes. But for her obsessions, she might have written a more "humorous," more mundane and much more polite "Pilgrim's Progress."

Mrs. Grant is earnest without being serious, indignant without being tragic and amusing without being comic. She is refined without being austere, she is dogmatic without giving faith, and she is acutely observing without being penetrating. Her incongruities are of the obvious stripe of the contrast between the charmingly ingenuous ignorance of Doreen and the crudely sophisticated surroundings into which she is projected. It is doubtless what the book's jacket summarizes in: "She faces ugly truths in life as her loveliness is drawn against the dark background of unconventional characters and situations." As we leave the now wealthy heroine, made so by accident, we are assured: "Doreen's capacity for happiness became greater than her receptiveness for misery."

THE RIVER TRAIL.

THE RIVER TRAIL. By Laurie York Erskine. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.75.

THERE is a rather new and interesting note in the very excellent local color of Mr. Erskine's new novel which deals, as did his former book, "Renfrew of the Royal Mounted," with the Northwest Royal Mounted Police, and is scened in the northern part of Saskatchewan Province. Most of the novels that are concerned with the life and people of the wilder regions in the west and northwest of Canada represent the flow of population as being wholly between the east and the west of the Dominion. Such of the characters as originate in England reach the western regions by way of the journey from Canadian Atlantic ports. But Mr. Erskine indicates a considerable movement north and south, not only across the boundary line but far south in the United States. It is true that most of his characters who have been ranging thus widely are not what are considered "desirable citizens" in either the United States or Canada. But they have wandered far and they have brought different accents and different styles of speech to the hopeful little town and the forest clearings away up in Northern Saskatchewan. It is a note rarely found in tales of the Canadian West, but Mr. Erskine writes from much personal knowledge and his graphic and always interesting local color is convincing in itself, aside from the fact that it is the result of his own experience and observation.

The novel tells the story of a conflict between the wits, the fists and the guns, the courage and the endurance and the intelligence of two members of the Northwest Mounted Police and some gunmen imported by a resident of the region to enable him by foul means, since he had failed by fair, to get possession of some widely spreading acres of forest land in which he knows there is oil. He is a native of the region, but has wandered far in search of fortune, which sometimes he has won and again has lost. His final decision that he will stop at nothing to gain ownership of the land with its forests and its rich oil deposits sets in motion a coil of circumstances that result in a highly exciting tale, with a great deal of violent action, plenty of complications and risks and perils galore. There is also a pretty love story in which the fine young fellow who battles through to success in his conflict with the villains wins a particularly nice girl. A clever bit of character portrayal depicts an engaging and cautious Scot who is a corporal in the Northwest Mounted Police. The readers who enjoyed "Renfrew of the Royal Mounted" will find in Mr. Erskine's new novel a tale equally good and quite as much to their liking.

Kate Douglas Wiggin, who has been ill in London but is now better, has just completed the final chapters of her autobiography, which Houghton Mifflin will publish this Fall under the title "My Garden of Memory."

RE-ORDERS

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Books and Authors

PEOPLE who like to read in bed will welcome a new series of books now being issued by Duttons under the general title of "The Bedside Library." Six volumes have already been issued, including "The Parables and Sayings of Jesus Christ," "The Life and Death of Socrates," "The Golden Book of St. Augustine," "The Life and Death of Sir John Falstaff," "The Little Decameron," and "Cranford." Four other volumes will soon follow. These will be "Considerations," by R. W. Emerson; "A Book of Friendship," an anthology of prose and verse on this subject, "Three Stories," by Balzac, and "The Plain Man's Prayer Book," an anthology of the finest prayers in our language.

John G. Neihardt has accepted the newly created professorship of poetry at the University of Nebraska. He will be in residence at the university about four weeks of the year and will lecture to advanced students in literature. For this Fall and Winter he has planned a transcontinental reading tour, in the course of which he will visit the Eastern States in November.

"From Pinafore to Politics" is the apt title Mrs. J. Borden Harriman has chosen for her book of memoirs, which Holt will publish in the Fall. The volume abounds in interesting and amusing reminiscences of people prominent in the social and political life of New York, Washington and elsewhere.

A classic well known to readers of an earlier generation, but seldom heard of today, is Adelbert von Chamisso's "The Wonderful History of Peter Schlemihl," the story of a man without a shadow. A new English translation of this book by Theodore Bolton with silhouette illustrations by the translator will be issued shortly by B. W. Huebsch.

A book on "Hygiene of the Voice," by Dr. Irving Wilson Voorhees, Assistant Surgeon to the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital, and adviser to members of the Metropolitan, Chicago and Century Opera Companies, will be issued by Macmillans in September. It deals with the singer's problems from the point of view of the voice physician rather than from that of the technique of singing.

Margaret Widdemer recently returned from Hollywood, Cal., and at last reports was busy on the proofs of her new novel, "Graven Image," which Harcourt-Brace will publish in September.

Henry Kitchell Webster is in London and will not return until late in the Autumn. A collection of his short stores under the title "The Other Story" is announced for Fall publication by Bobbs-Merrill.

Charles A. Beard, the historian, whose "Cross Currents in Europe Today" was published by Marshall Jones, has just returned from an extended trip to the Orient. In company with Viscount Goto, Mayor of Tokio, he made a tour of Japan, lecturing on civic matters, with the aim of stimulating interest in municipal government. He also made an economic and financial survey of Tokio for the new Institute of Municipal Research which he was instrumental in founding. His lectures are to be published in English and Japanese.

"Modern Swedish Masterpieces," announced for immediate publication by Duttons, is a collection of short stories by four Swedish authors, Verner von Heidenstam, who received the Nobel Prize for literature in 1916, Sigfrid Siwertz, Per Hallstrom and Hjalmer Soderberg. The translation is by Charles Wharton Stork.

The publishing houses of Harper, Scribner and Houghton Mifflin, who control the publishing rights to the novels of Henry James, have arranged among themselves to bring the novels out in uniform bindings.

Among the August publications of the University of Chicago Press are "Lincoln's 'House Divided' Speech," by Arthur Charles Cole, Professor of American History, Ohio State University; "The Library of Orville H. Browning," by Theodore Calvin Pease; and "Proceedings of the American Sociological Society, Vol. XVII." (Constructive Social Analysis). Announced for publication in September are "Italian Folk Tales and Folk Songs," by F. A. G. Cowper; "American Authors of Today," by Percy Holmes Boynton, and "Social Origins of Christianity," by Shirley Jackson Case.

"Shackleton's Last Voyage: The Story of the Quest," by Commander Frank Wild, C. B. E., is announced by Stokes for publication in October. Commander Wild is the man who took over the command of the expedition when Shackleton died, and his story is taken from the official journal and private diary of Dr. A. H. Macklin. The book is illustrated with many reproductions of photographs covering every phase of the voyage.

Bolton Hall, author of "The New Thrift," is in England, where he is to speak at Ruskin College, Oxford.

Coincident with the publication of Theodore Dreiser's "The Color of a Great City," Boni & Liveright announce that they have taken over from other publishers the rights for all of Mr. Dreiser's books.

"The Enchanted Garden," by Henry James Forman, "The Parowan Bonanza," by B. M. Bower, and "Pirate Tales From the Law," by Arthur M. Harris, are announced for early publication by Little-Brown.

Another of Hugh Lofting's popular Doctor Doolittle books will be brought out in September by Stokes. It is entitled "Doctor Doolittle's Post Office," and it is said to be just as thrilling and just as humorous as the earlier books. It is illustrated in color and black and white by the author.

"Fiction Writers on Fiction Writing" is the title of a book for literary craftsmen which Bobbs-Merrill will publish this Fall. More than 100 writers, including such men as Sinclair Lewis, Booth Tarkington, Joseph Hergesheimer, A. S. M. Hutchinson, Henry Kitchell Webster and Talbot Mundy have contributed to the volume.

In the volume on "Immortality" edited by the Rev. Sir James Marchant and announced for Fall publication by Putnams, is a chapter on "Immortality and the Poets" written by Maurice Hewlett shortly before his death.

"The Life of Fred Archer," the most famous English jockey of modern times, is announced for Fall publication by Brentano's.

Hamlin Garland and his family, who have been spending some months in England, sailed for home on Aug. 17. Mr. Garland's second daughter, Constance, will appear with her father in his lecture program, "Memories of the Middle Border," taking the place of her sister Isabel, who is now a member of the Walter Hampden Company of Players.

In a recent review of Philip Gibbs's "Masters and Men," which Putnam will bring out in September, Edmund Gosse says: "Almost everything under the sun and over it is treated in a spirit of airy persiflage, without bitterness, without anger, by a writer who is the son of Ariel and the nephew of Puck."

Robert Benchley, dramatic editor of Life, is to make his début as a comedian in the new "Music Box Revue." The story of Benchley's walking trip in England is told in "The Conquest of Cornwall," which Holt will publish late in the Fall.

Frederick Niven's new novel, "Justice of the Peace," announced by Boni & Liveright for late August publication, will contain two introductions, one by Hugh Walpole and the other by Christopher Morley.

Brig. Gen. Sir Percy Sykes, author of "The History of Persia," announced for early publication by Macmillan, will visit this country in the Fall, arriving about Sept. 1. Sir Percy is a veteran of several wars. He won his spurs in the Indian Army and then spent more

(Continued on Page 28)

RUDYARD KIPLING

By RUDYARD KIPLING

The Irish Guards in The Great War

"The true gold of Rudyard Kipling." — London *Times*. 2 vols., $10.00. (*Parts of this history appeared serially in The New York Times.*)

By W. B. MAXWELL

The Day's Journey

"An epic study of friendship . . . represents Maxwell at his zenith." — Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. ($2.00)
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By DALE COLLINS

Sea-Tracks of the Spee-jacks-'Round the World.

An enthusiastic account of the 35,000-mile trip of the first motor boat to encircle the world. ($5.00)

By MICHAEL JACOBS

The Art of Colour

A book on colour for the designer, decorator, printer, etc., etc.,—for the artist, amateur and craftsman. By the Director of the Metropolitan Art School. ($7.50)

Doubleday Page & Co.

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THE PAROWAN BONANZA
By B. M. BOWER

This gripping story of how Hopeful Bill Dale started the boom on the Parowan Bonanza in the Nevada gold fields is related in typical B. M. Bower style, with dramatic vividness, with accurate knowledge of types and their settings, and with refreshing, wholesome humor. "The Parowan Bonanza" is the best book B. M. Bower has written since "Cow-Country." $1.75

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Brief Reviews

MIND THAT FOUND ITSELF

A MIND THAT FOUND ITSELF: An Autobiography. By Clifford Whittingham Beers. New and revised edition. 411 pp. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

NOT often is it given to mortal man to see so great and beneficent a development result from his own effort, even from his own misfortune, as Mr. Beers here sets forth. The first edition of this book, which appeared in 1907, reminds one of an acorn out of which has sprouted and grown a mighty oak, for out of it came the mental hygiene movement with all of its ramifications and its many and ever increasing achievements.

The original narrative of Mr. Beers, barring some elisions of matter no longer necessary and minor changes of little consequence, appears just as formerly in this new edition, filling about three-fourths of the volume. The remainder of the space is given to the recounting of the steps that led to the formation of the Committee for Mental Hygiene and the outlining of subsequent developments of the movement. Mr. Beers's description of his nervous breakdown and the loss of his reason, of the experiences through which he went while in that irresponsible state, and his final recovery, which formed the original volume and still makes the greater part of this new edition, is written so simply, with such dignity and restraint, but with such poignant realism as to make it a piece of real literature worthy of preservation for the sake of the fine literary quality of the human document it is. Because of the conviction with which he came out of the inferno through which he had lived, that he must devote himself to the task of bettering the fate of other such unfortunates, the original narrative merges naturally and without a break into the story of his subsequent activities. He tells how the idea developed of a society that should devote itself to the task of research for the increasing of knowledge about insanity and the conserving of mental health, reprints the correspondence about it that he had with William James and others and depicts its organization and subsequent growth. The movement at once enlisted the co-operation of foremost psychologists and psychiatrists and of several well-known philanthropists. It was soon started in Canada, South America and Europe, and an international organization has been perfected that is undertaking a program of the greatest importance.

Mr. Beers gives only the barest outline of all that has been accomplished in this country, where the whole viewpoint of both the medical profession and the public concerning insanity, delinquency, feeble-mindedness, and what should be done about them, has been radically changed during the last dozen years. But he intimates that he will some day elaborate these supplementary pages of his book, that glimpse the amazing growth of the tree that has sprung from the seed of his first volume into a work that will tell the whole story in detail.

EXPLAINING OUR GOVERNMENT

A PRIMER OF CITIZENSHIP. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. 301 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

MRS. DE KOVEN, author of the "Life and Letters of John Paul Jones," has described clearly the systems of municipal, State and Federal government of our country and has offered definitions of patriotism, democracy, a republic and citizenship. Throughout the volume runs a thread of history written in a manner that should thrill the young student of American citizenship, whether he be a child in the grammar grades or an immigrant stumbling through his first reading in English.

Following a historical sketch that includes the age of discovery, the colonization period and the American Revolution is the definition of "a good citizen," ending with this advice. "Be loyal therefore to your country and follow the 'Golden Rule.'"

Patriotism and false patriotism are contrasted and defined. The false patriot is one who, like the Ministers of George III., supports his country in all it does, even if its acts are wrong. Some of our foremost and loudest "hundred percenters" are likely to criticise this teaching as contrary to the motto of Stephen Decatur and as tending to create within the young and the alien mind an attitude quite opposed to the blind obedience that they preach.

Our national organization from the town meeting of New England to the government of all the States is likened to a series of Japanese boxes, one within another and each complete in itself. The city or town is the smallest box of all and lies within and covered by the State, and the State is a complete box within the Federal, which covers and protects both State and town.

The tripartite system of government is explained clearly and at length. In presenting it Mrs. de Koven pays glowing tribute to Hamilton, Madison and Washington and their colleagues. For New England also the author asks the student to return thanks, for it was there, in the town meeting, that the power to create and administer the affairs of this Republic originated. New England is also mentioned as the national benefactor in education. Contrary to the opinion of Edward Bok and some others, the author believes that ours is the greatest and best public school system in the world.

The two chapters on the Constitution are good teaching. History and exposition are presented with a clarity and simplicity that not only make the subject plain for the normal child but even for the average voter in some of our big cities.

The last chapter contains a short lecture on the Republic and a paragraph of admonition to "revere the Constitution as the best form of government ever devised by the mind of man."

CO-OPERATIVE DEMOCRACY

CO-OPERATIVE DEMOCRACY — Attained Through Voluntary Association of the People as Consumers. By James Peter Warbasse. 480 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

THERE are a good many reasons —Mr. Warbasse discusses most of them—why the co-operative movement in commerce has never attracted the attention and enlisted the interest of the people in the United States as it has in nearly all of the countries of Europe, and since there is not as much known here as there should be as to the very great development it has had across the Atlantic, Mr. Warbasse has done a real public service in collecting and arranging the comprehensive information concerning it in this book. In addition to all the facts, history and statistics he presents, he discusses at great length the ethics, the economic philosophy and the political significance of the principles involved and the importance of the development they have made. It cannot be said that he does this with judicial calmness and impartiality, for he is a convinced and enthusiastic believer in the soundness of the theory and in its power to heal most of the ills of civilization and to establish peace on earth and good-will among its peoples. But the reader who possesses a clear-eyed and unbiased mind need not be disturbed by the author's enthusiasms and sureties. For he has a really important and interesting story to tell, and his ideas and arguments are worth listening to and thinking seriously about.

Mr. Warbasse is well equipped to make an exposition of his theme, for he is President of the Co-operative League of the United States, a member of the Central Committee of the International Co-operative Alliance, and for ten years, he tells us, he has been devoting himself intensively to the co-operative movement in all its fields of theory and practice. Previous to that time, as a private citizen and as a political official in New York City, he had been deeply occupied in the endeavor to find some fundamental remedy for the ills of society and had studied the theories and methods of all the organized schemes to solve the economic problem. But not until he took up the study of co-operative democracy did he find a theory and a practice that seemed to him to meet the fundamental difficulties and essential requirements. And he thinks the fact that, working by evolutionary methods, it succeeds in making people happier and more comfortable and conditions of

(Continued on Page 28)

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Democracy's Great Test

A Review by
ALLEN SINCLAIR WILL

THREE CENTURIES OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. By William MacDonald, LL. D., sometime Professor of American History in Brown University. 306 pp., with bibliography and chronology. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.25.

ARE there to be Spring and Fall fashions in American history? the multiplication of changes in the treatment of the subject is bewildering. One can no longer go into a book shop with the deliberate assurance of our near ancestors and select a volume by Hildreth or Bancroft or Parkman with no more guidance than a glance at the title page and the preface. The buyer whose taste runs in that direction may rather feel impelled to approach a clerk who has an appearance of possessing wisdom and inquire:

"What are the new modes? Do the Pilgrim Fathers still have that draped effect? Is the Revolutionary War cut bias this season, and do they jazz up the styles on the Reconstruction Period?"

Revising our history has become, in fact, an infant industry of portentous growth without any nursing from the tariff law. There is no trust—yet—against which orators may declaim, for the movement is chiefly localistic and therefore to a large extent individualistic. It must be admitted, however, that there is some organized manipulation of the market by historical societies, which appears to be beyond the jurisdiction within which vigilant District Attorneys may draw indictments.

The change is no less in ideas than in facts. We are revising our views under the guidance of authors who, on the whole, are less shackled than their predecessors by tradition and convention. Things that once gave a shock to the reader now seem regular.

Then, too, in the domain of fact, there is the never-ceasing delving which the post-graduate departments of history in the universities of the new type have done so much to inspire. This quest, by adding in great measure to the stock of available data, has opened the eyes of the majority of historians to receive new light.

In the midst of these transformations, the key-book becomes more than ever a necessity, no less to the perplexed student than to the general reader. From the practiced hand of Dr. MacDonald, recently Professor of American History in Brown University and Associate Editor of The Nation, we now have a work of that kind which deserves a place in every library that admits history to its shelves.

Dr. MacDonald's book is modestly described on the "jacket" as "a brief and simply written history of the United States." It is brief, to be sure—306 pages of main text, an ample and judiciously culled bibliography and an extensive chronology for those whose desires lean in that direction, besides the index. The book is, indeed, simply written, in that it can be read with marked interest and clearly comprehended by any one who wishes merely to be attracted and informed.

Yet, if the style be simple, the thought is far from elementary. It is the clarified product of profound study, analytical reflection and courage of conviction. The book might be called an extended essay in the form of history. At any rate, its originality and force will be welcomed.

If this work were a novel, and if a rather prevalent fashion in "jacket" exordium were followed, it could be called without exaggeration "a tale that makes history fascinating, summarizing with skill and balanced judgment the facts and formative influences that have brought our nation to its present development, hesitating not to tell the truth as the author sees it whether it helps or hurts, and embracing the latest researches on the subject from every known source."

Dr. MacDonald seems to get below the surface of everything with which he deals. The routine and meaningless procession of facts which encumber the pages of so many key books on American history appears to be anathema to him. Instead of giving a skeleton outline he has clothed the skeleton in flesh and blood and even in garments that make the effect complete. His is a moving story of American striving, thought, accomplishment, of pushing forward even when stumbling, of optimism without preachment.

The author's account of the Colonial period is eminently fair. He dishes up no overseasoned stuff to feed the hungry maw of local vanity. As his narrative opens, he ignores neither the knight-errant spirit of adventure nor the lure of commercial profit which led to the peopling of Virginia. He gives the Puritans full credit for their rugged traits that conquered the Massachusetts wilderness, but sets down at the same time that their colony was "firmly and arbitrarily ruled by its Calvanist clergy and a few secular leaders" who "ruthlessly repressed religious and political dissent." There is no claptrap about fanciful origins of political liberty in any colony, but the gradual growth of free institutions is unfolded in a broad way without forcing the meaning.

Frankness of view continues in evidence as the story reaches the period of the Revolution. Of the beginnings of the movement for separation from England, Dr. MacDonald says:

> The revolution which made the United States an independent nation was undoubtedly in its inception the work of a small minority, and the partisans of England who were forcibly suppressed or harshly expelled numbered some of the wealthiest and most influential men whom Colonial life had produced; but the minority had laid hold of the great ideas of nationality and independence which the conservative opposition did not share, and with those ideas the minority carried the day.

Again he remarks:

> It was long the fashion to blame the King, George III., for the loss of the American Colonies and the baneful influence of the royal personality was unquestionably great and compelling; but the statesmen who scrambled and bribed for office under George III. showed little more practical wisdom than did the King when the American Colonies were concerned. Neither Whigs nor Tories, the two great parties of the day, were deeply troubled about the constitutional rights of Englishmen, and no strong, clear voice save that of Edmund Burke was long heard in opposition.

Later generations, more liberal and intelligent, were to see in the struggle against absolutism in America an important phase of the still longer struggle against a similar policy in the mother country, but the full significance of the contest was not appreciated until after a vast colonial domain in America had been lost.

The author rounds out his expression of view a little further on by saying that at the time of the Declaration of Independence the needed coalescing of opinion in America had come. He observes:

> Here and there an earnest patriot drew back from this last irrevocable step, but the overwhelming majority of what was now to become the American people approved.

The story of the Revolution sets down with satisfying clearness, in accordance with the present trend of historical thought, the value of Washington to the American cause as a master strategist, no less than as a leader of great personal force in dealing with "the incompetence of politicians" and the intrigues of some of his military subordinates. The method of treatment gives more implied credit for the attainment of independence than volumes of spread-eagle eulogy.

In the version of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 and the setting up of the new Government with its ensuing problems of organization extending over many years, the gradual victories for the Federal system are traced, but the other aspect of the case is not overlooked. Summarizing the Webster-Hayne debate, the author says:

> The letter of the Constitution sustained the argument of Hayne, but the theory of Webster, embodied in the constitutional law of the United States, was the theory of nationality and the only one upon which the nation could oppose disunion.

He holds that actual nullification was no one-sided affair, for he remarks of the resistance to the Fugitive Slave law:

> South Carolina had openly proclaimed tariff laws to be null and void within its borders, only to find its nullification doctrine repudiated by the rest of the country and the Federal Executive ready if necessary to use force, but half a score of Northern States now nullified the Fugitive Slave law either by overlooking the organized resistance of the citizens or by extending to fugitives the protection of State courts.

The Civil War is sketched with broad strokes, leaving the interminable details to be found elsewhere by those who seek them, as is proper in such a work. The author argues strongly the case for national unity, but does not gloss over the Reconstruction Period. Of this he says:

> The years of political reconstruction are a period which the thoughtful American can recall only with regret. The problems that had to be solved were without doubt extremely difficult and complex, and the enmities and suspicions which the war had developed created a political atmosphere in which moderation and clear thinking were hard to obtain.

The South itself was far from blameless, and the long agony which it suffered was in no small part due to its own short-sightedness and misconduct. But the arrogance of the Republican leaders, flushed with victory and bent upon insuring party control in the South by means of the negro vote, led them into excesses which many years were needed to redress and some of whose traces still survive. There can be no question that much of the legislation of the Reconstruction Period was unwarranted by the Constitution, that the Supreme Court bent before the demands of politics, and that the moral tone of political discussion was seriously lowered.

When it comes to dealing with contemporary events, the temptation of the historian to flounder in prejudices is natural, but notorious. For Dr. MacDonald, however, it appears that the glamour of distance is not necessary to give him a fair perspective. The part of his book which covers events since 1880 is one of the best, and it shows no deviation from his standards as to remote periods.

He sketches Cleveland and Roosevelt with vivid strokes as men identified with failures as well as successes. One may dissent from his opinions, but cannot help feeling grateful for the boldness with which they are set forth.

The account of the World War contains graphic passages and will satisfy many who would like to have the immense mass of fact connected with that subject winnowed by a trained hand. Dr. MacDonald takes the ground that Wilson's policy as to entering the war was to wait until the American case became unassailable, in order that the nation might go to battle as a unit. Of the war President, he says:

> * * * When on April 2, 1917, before a Congress which had met in extra session, he reviewed the course of the conflict and called for a declaration of war, his stern arraignment of the German Government and his ringing assertion that "the world must be made safe for democracy" threw the nation into a delirium of praise, and from that moment until the war had ended the American people were as clay in his hands. He had waited for the psychological moment, and when the moment came, he seized it with a master hand.

President Wilson's failure to obtain the inclusion of the Fourteen Points in the peace terms rather baffles the author, but he is inclined to ascribe it to an overwhelming concern for the League of Nations and confidence in that body for help in adjusting the practical application of the terms agreed upon. Of the President's physical collapse in the midst of the resultant clamor at home, he says:

> It was a melancholy close of a phenomenal career, for in addition to bodily suffering he had seen his world popularity fade and his motives and conduct had been widely assailed, but he bore reproaches and attacks in silence and left to time the justification or condemnation of his course.

No small part of the book's value is compressed in the closing chapter, entitled "Politics and the American Mind," in which an analytical study is presented of national traits and tendencies. The author describes the American temperament as "practical and inherently conservative."

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Traveling With Hewlett

(Continued from Page 2)

with that view almost to Chiusi, to Arezzo and Cortona.

Hewlett stayed and wrote and I drew. Sometimes he was delightful, sometimes grim, but we are all that way, those who do anything worth doing. It was hard to know him; sometimes he was so nice, sometimes so nasty. I never could make out what, with his twitching face, he thought of me. Mrs. Hewlett, who had joined us at Siena, was charming, but I don't know what he was. Then, starting together, I left almost at once and coasted on my bicycle down through the clouds and mist hanging over the valley, as I had fifteen years before with Mrs. Pennell to the lake of Trasimene and around that, and across the plain to Arezzo and the Pierra della Francesca's, which, if most of the American muralists could only see them, they would destroy, or, better, destroy themselves; and then back to Florence and a big dinner on our arrival.

So far as I remember, Hewlett only asked me to make one drawing on the trip, a bust of the last of the Medici which he found on the stairs of the Uffizi, and of which I think I made a good thing—the awful rococo effect; but I don't think he liked it, and he got the gentleman of the Carpenter shoes to do one, or try to, but he could not, though he can draw in his way.

Then Hewlett and Mrs. Hewlett went back to England in their car, and I spent months working and sweating in the streets of Florence. But how good and pleasant a thing it is to wake in that dear old town, looking out on the river on a May morning, with the Ponte Vecchio before you, go to a café for breakfast and then wander, wander, wander, with sketching traps, doing anything with character, till noon; then into a restaurant, which, if it looks all right outside, is sure to have good wine and good macaroni—not American muck "rich in gluten"—wander after lunch into the nearest café and rest till the horrid heat abates; then wander till dark, then to the piazza and dinner, and the café and music and friends till midnight, and then home to bed. That has been my life all my life. No, Hewlett did not do this, nor his British friends either, but I did, and love to, and still can, for the war did not kill it all—nor have the tourists, which are worse than war.

This was my life, and when I got tired in Florence and the roses wilted in the heat I went to Venice and lived the same life there, and this is what I have done all my life—only now I am not asked to do, to live this way. I do it for myself—for the old world, my world, is dead, and the old editors and publishers and authors are dead. Hewlett went the other day. All my work was finished, as it always is, on the spot out of doors. And at the end of the Summer I went back to London and Hewlett.

We used to see each other and talk over the plans for next year and map out our route. But when the Spring came again, we again started separately. He did not come till later, and we did the southern half of Tuscany, from Siena to Orbatella, then round to Cortona, and from there, looking back and down from the high passes, to Perugia, and then on and up to La Varna, a horrible place only made for penance, though surrounded with the greatest beauty, and then back to Florence, all down the river by Poppi and Bibienato, Florence, and then to Lucca and Barga and Castel Nuovo di Garfagnano, and how they all recall the adventures of Michael Angelo and Cellini, always flying for refuge to these inaccessible—even now—places, and then down to Carrara and Spezia, and so home. This time I scarcely saw Hewlett, and I really don't know if he saw the places I went to. We kept in touch by writing, and the letters, his letters to me, all went in the war—with most of our other treasures we had laid up.

When we got back to London, Hewlett was full of another scheme and got Macmillans worked up, and that was that we should walk all across the Venetian Lombard Plain and do that. Now, as I had cycled it—and he had only seen it from the train—I refused, unless he took me in his car. But we both got mixed up in other things, and that never came to anything save talk. But one day he rushed into my place in London and said he wanted me to pack right up and go to Fontainebleau with him, and walk in the forest. As it was in the middle of Winter and I was in the middle of work, I refused again. I heard nothing more of the scheme save that he went with it to all his artist friends in London, whether before or after he came to me I do not know, and that, I think, was the last time I saw him.

I can say nothing about his books because I could not read them. I have tried, but I always stuck with the first chapter. And as for him, he, as I am, was a man of nerves, and I think we got on each other's; and then, too, when the book came out I got about as much notice as he did, and authors are not generous like artists. They hate illustrators and illustrations, though they are a necessary evil; and when the illustrations were drawn, engraved and printed as we did them in the dear dead days, they make authors, if dead, live again, and if alive, famous, and we knew our work was as important as, and often more so, than the text which accompanied it. And we were proud of our work, loved it, enjoyed it, and now look back to it as something done that was worth doing.

Now it is too often like this: You see the art editor (an office boy who has a good flair for publicity and beating down artists, and so has got the job). The author don't count. He chucks some photographs and post cards at you. "We want ten drawings of them subjects. What'll you charge for the lot? Must have them by ten thirty Saturday. A'right. Good-bye. Next— Say, don't forget; ten thirty Saturday. No work, no pay." And we wonder why art and literature have gone to pot in these great, cultured, dry, dreary United States which used to be.

The Mountain of Highest Visibility

(Continued from Page 15)

Today there is an automobile road winding up it, with two arms. It passes at one place through a group of fresh rock formations known now as the Garden of the Jungle Gods. There are rocks as big as buildings whose resemblance has won them such names as el Perro, which is Spanish for dog; la Ballena—whale; and la Rana—frog. There is a Devil's Slide which, though smaller, is as like as can be to that Devil's Slide in Utah for which transcontinental passengers keep an eye open at the suggestion of the Pullman porter.

There are coal mines; no longer worked, on the mountain's lower slopes, and old gold mines, which never were of much consequence. There are quarries and shale formations thick with fossils, once sea bed but now two-thirds of a mile in the air. Geologists from the East came to pry into the intrusive basalt when the automobile road was being built. It has been called the road with the airplane view, and while in places it is blasted out of rock, it has an average grade of no more than 7 per cent. and a maximum of 8, except for the final hundred yards at the summit.

There was an open-handed era in the 70s or thereabout when drags were tooled up an older road, and there was an inn, long since burned, a mile from the top. Diablo then was a part of the splendor of wheat and gold and Comstock speculation, when the easy come-easy go spirit of the mining camp was still strong. Nowadays they advertise for tourists.

Though Gandhi and his Non-Co-operative Movement are known the world over, few people outside of India are familiar with his writings. From 1919 to 1922 he conducted in Ahmedabad a weekly paper called Young India, and in his contributions to that publication are found the only substantial embodiments of his teachings. A selection from those writings has been made by some of Gandhi's associates and will be published this Fall by B. W. Huebsch in a volume of 1,200 pages. It will bear the title "Young India," after the organ in which they first appeared. Gandhi himself is now serving a six-year sentence in jail. His book covers every phase of India's struggle for national integrity and every aspect of his teachings of non-resistance and non-co-operation.

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Henry Watterson's Battles

A Review by
GARDNER L. HARDING

THE EDITORIALS OF HENRY WATTERSON. Compiled with an Introduction and Notes by Arthur Krock. 430 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

ON the morning of March 4, 1861, some one thrust in the keyhole of the modest bedroom of a young newspaper man in Washington a note which read: "For inaugural address see Colonel Mark H. Lamon." The young man was representing The Associated Press, but he was only 21 and new to the game, and the name of Colonel Lamon in crowded Washington was unknown to him. But he acted promptly. He went to the Willard Hotel, and through an open door on the ground floor he saw the President-elect of the United States walking up and down the room reading a paper. He was only 21 and he walked in. Mr. Lincoln had met him a few days previous at the House Press Gallery and remembered his name, which was Henry Watterson. "You have come to the right shop," he said, on hearing his trouble; "Lamon is in the next room. I will take you to him, and he will fix you all right." No sooner said than done, and in a few moments the historic document, which the young man remembers "was clumsily typeset in some country office and considerably interlined with pencil marks," was on the wire, and the reporter betook his leisurely way to a privileged seat at the inauguration, so privileged, indeed, that when Lincoln laid down his hat he laid it down practically in his lap, but Stephen A. Douglas, with a just sense of the fitness of things, reached over his arm and held it during the speech.

Such was the beginning of one of the most remarkable personal influences in American journalism.

The selection of Colonel Watterson's fighting opinions over all these years seems all too brief a digest of a life rich beyond all comparison in the art of the editorial duello. It seems brief because so many of the best articles stretch long and furiously on, and the compiler has had to leave wide gaps in the years between. The editorial article which demolished Bryan and buried free silver in 1896 is some 5,000 words long; hardly less is his first rejection of Wilson sixteen years later and his memorably ironic account of the abortive triangulation of Wilson, Harvey and Thomas Fortune Ryan. Many of them, indeed, are short—notably the one by which he is probably best known, that on the "Star-Eyed Goddess of Tariff Reform." But when "Marse Henry" took up his pen at Geneva, Switzerland, or at Naples-on-the-Gulf, Fla., where the forementioned editorials were respectively written, or in his own sanctum at Louisville, the range of his vision traveled wide, a sense of authority energized his wrist, and his long, whiplike sentences searched through and through his subject. This left free play for his inimitable style, which seems to rest on three great qualities. Outwardly supple, limber and easy-going, it is a vehicle for merciless logic. It has an elegance, whether in classical polish or in glorious descent to the vernacular, as Southern as the very mint itself. (Elegance here had better be taken in its Irish than its English derivation.) And greatest of all, it is totally unself-conscious, frank and human, as near as possible the expression of a mind free from cant and needless moralising — consequently, when need be, terrible in its indignation.

Many occasions in a great editor's life demand that he fight it out to the last ditch on the unpopular side, and it was in these long, unwearied, but thankless battles, many of them already forgotten by the present generation, that the true grain of the man came out. From the beginning Colonel Watterson fought the Panama Canal. The Nicaragua Canal was his chosen project, and for years he kept the rather pungent early record of the Panama affair before the increasingly disdainful public nostrils. Bunau-Varilla, the French promoter of the Panama route, the "highly scenthul Vanilla bean," added much to his olfactory metaphors, and Bunau-Varilla's associates were always "the forty thieves of the forty millions." When he came to Roosevelt's "fly-by-night Republic of Panama," the story of the "wolves swooping down on Bogota" and "laying low America's credit in the Monroe Doctrine for generations," Colonel Watterson wrote in the saffron language of the muck-raking age and accepted libel risks which The New York World and The Indianapolis News, coming belatedly into the fight in 1910, promptly encountered at the hands of Roosevelt himself for using much milder language. Where others spoke of "sharp practices," Watterson sat down and wrote, "and the thieves got away with the loot," estimating the loot and naming the thieves; and his article of congratulation on his polite rivals' escape from the libel courts is naturally a double-edged tribute of irony and regret that a ten years' opportunity for so much blunter speaking had been let pass by.

Time has worked ravages with the issues of this controversy, but it hasn't blunted the valiant sense of right, which the reader of today must feel impelled the Colonel to take off his coat and get into it. In the Panama tolls controversy, a most insidious issue for a man with any touch of demagogy, the magnanimous stand urged by Watterson rests on some of the most forceful articles he ever wrote on an international question, and it is unique that on this great question, and on no other causing any great division of opinion in American public life before or since, George Harvey, Henry Watterson and Woodrow Wilson stood side by side and fought a fight which upheld the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty and vindicated the honor of the American Nation. Other articles revealing Watterson at his best in serving his own higher standards for American life recall his splendid indignation against the forces which held up so long the Brandeis nomination to the Supreme Court, his account of the Tennessee Coal and Iron business, which is not only good writing but brilliant vicarious journalism on the part of an editor who could describe occurrences more vividly than his correspondent on the spot, and especially his many writings distilling generosity between the North and the South, with the fearless pen of a man who himself had fought for the Confederacy, and who spoke to the South of today with an authority granted to no other public man.

"Thank God for Gettysburg!" Watterson chose as a title for his treatise on the semi-centennial anniversary of that battle in 1913, and this product of his pen, as nearly as any, justifies preservation as literature. It is not a solemn appeal for peace that would itself be a shallow tribute to continued acrimony; it exults in the "mysterious dispensation" that brought peace the way it came; yet never is it untrue to the best spirit of the Southern cause. It is full of the whimsical perversities which made the Colonel the terror of all wavers of the bloody shirt on both sides, for he simply refuses to take the customary platitudes, created to make men wage war more furiously, at their face value. His disquisition that all the puritan commanders and statesmen were on the Southern side, in contrast to the conspicuous cavalier figures that fought and counseled for the North, is a piece of delightful mischief-making, which probably made many a Southern Bourbon doubt the foundations of the universe or Marse Henry's sanity—and touched with pleasantry a more portentous tradition. His proof of the legitimacy of various members of the Lincoln family only serves to recall how persistently some features of the Civil War were still fought on the genealogical front; but his vindications are as crushing as they are handsome, and there is no battle worth while when he concludes with the evidence. Of his love and admiration for Lincoln the present book contains many instances, the best being the text of his own Lincoln lectures, which contained the key thoughts for a life of Lincoln that Colonel Watterson, to the end of his much-occupied days, never found time to write.

The diatribes against the "Crazy-janes" and "Sillysallies" of the women's suffrage movement are not such happy reading today as they were in the Kentucky of ten to twenty years ago, yet they are well worth reprinting, for they are the views of a man thrice-weary of the ways of male politicians who cannot resist a chuckle at the aptitude of emancipated women to imitate them. Rather more unworthy of the Colonel is the sizzling screed written during the war in answer to an anonymous writer who defended the execution of Edith Cavell in The New York Sun. The defense makes, so far as it is reprinted, the usual specious excuse of military necessity, but for once vituperative journalism of a by-gone age gets the better of Marse Henry's language, and such a man, not Bissing, but some naive defender of his in America, "should be whipped like a dog through the streets and then driven from the sight of decent people"; he is a "hound," with "weak and flabby understanding," and The Sun, instead of printing the stuff, "should send out a deadly gas tank or a gigantic hose carriage to scald and drown in a flood of boiling oil or molten lead" such contributors. The last shows the Colonel is conscious of his own extravagance and doesn't mean to be taken too literally. On the whole, the war editorials are for carrying on the war, and in no other case shriek for the blood of non-combatants close at hand. When America entered the war, Watterson wrote two deeply moving editorials, "Vae Victis" and "War Has Its Compensations," so profoundly expressive of the long-gathering emotions that had actually brought America to take this solemn step that the donors of the Pulitzer Prize for 1917 "astonished and pleased" the old campaigner by making him the unanimous award for that highly charged year's greatest editorial. "The gander-legged boys in the city editor's room will find out," he said on hearing about it, "that the old man is a promising journalist," and sent the money to a war fund.

The Colonel was neither familiar with nor contemptuous of it; his testimony, "I never touched an unclean dollar, either coming or going," has never been questioned, but in the matter of party funds, here is his rule of reason:

> I have an impression that none of the mammoth fortunes will bear too close scrutiny. But I have never constituted myself a Congressional committee of investigation, and, wanting nothing for my own use, have not thought that, if money were required for any purpose held by me to be good, I might not with propriety go to them, or to any of them, nor deem it requisite that I look a gift horse in the mouth.

At the end the paper made for him a handsome competence, but it must be remembered that in 1896, when he threw over Bryan and free silver, his heresy almost killed The Courier-Journal, deeply engaged his own fortune and postponed his retirement for twenty years.

There are dry spots in the middle days, in Watterson's detestation of Grant and in his worship of Greeley and Tilden, even in his threat to lead 100,000 "unarmed" Kentuckians to Washington to prevent the counting out of Tilden at the famous "made-in-Florida" election. But this is not because the writer does not fail to make those days vivid, only because the history of events before and since dwarfs them somehow. On the whole, the selection made by Mr. Krock, successively Washington correspondent, managing editor and general news and editorial manager of The Courier-Journal and Colonel Watterson's literary executor, is a judicious one that presents faithfully the whole man, and holds a fair balance between what Watterson most fancied himself and what the world most admired in his work.

To the great emergencies that marked the extremities of his life Henry Watterson rose magnificently. He thought and wrote in the grand manner, but no one, especially his enemies, could possibly miss the purport of what he said. Nature gave him an indulgent streak that forbade his judging his fellow-men too harshly. His autocratic high-mindedness and his genial relish in the common touch, both qualities which he had to extremes, occur less and less seldom in the modern world happily blended in one conspicuous character. As Puritans today steadily become more puritanical in America and personal liberty lovers rather less dignified, Marse Henry's writings are a perennial reminder of how in a greater America that is gone a man achieved an unapproachable editorial reputation by combining both qualities, with the aid of some bravado, much knowledge of men and a sense of humor that was indestructible.

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Sorolla in Chicago

(Continued from Page 3

The Antiquarian took me on to the church, before which he left his horse and buggy, and we entered, passing on through the shadowy interior to a door that led to the cloister. My guide pushed aside the heavy leather door curtain and allowed me to follow through. I felt as if the curtain had been drawn for a stage entrance—my own.

Most of the village was there, sitting around in a semicircle, watching Sorolla at work on a big canvas representing the local Alcalde, his wife and daughter, all dressed up like Christmas trees in their peasant best. The Alcalde (the Mayor) had a fine, old, leonine head and was blind in one eye.

Sorolla looked around at me terrier-like and came tripping forward. Patting me on the cheek, he declared that I was " muy intelligente," implying that I was a good sleuth, at least. For the better part of a week I was there with Sorolla and the Antiquarian.

One afternoon around 1:30 the painter began a big, upright canvas of three men standing against one of the columns of the cloister. The canvas, some seven feet high, was tied with a cord to the next column, and across the arms of a chair rested a window pane upon which he squeezed out his colors. With a bit of charcoal attached to a long stick he roughed in the three figures, all posing at once, and then with a long-handled small brush he covered his charcoal outline with color, thinned with turpentine. The result looked like a large poster in outline.

Then he concentrated on one head. It was very interesting to watch, and all the time he kept up remarks to those sitting nearest him. It was like a three-ringed circus. As the afternoon dragged on the three models showed varying degrees of staying power, and in accordance with their strength he ranked them ascendingly Captain, Major and Colonel. At about 5 o'clock the Colonel gave up, lost his bearings and turned a pea green. He was thereupon degraded and the other two got each a step in rank. Presently the sun on its downward arc shot its cadmium rays across the legs of the men. Quickly, and at the same time deliberately, Sorolla added them to the otherwise shaded canvas. Then he took a deep breath and exclaimed: " Now's the hour, Estevenson; now is the time of day when it is best to paint! " And he worked on till he was in a state of semi-exhaustion.

That was the way with Sorolla—long hours of steady work, long brushes and long cigars.

On the way back to La Gartera one afternoon we passed one of those dwarfs that are frequently seen in Spain and so frequently encountered on the canvases of Sorolla's sombre rival. At sight of the pathetic monster Sorolla turned and muttered " Zuloaga! "

He hated anything that makes for the shadow of Spain, abominating the bull ring. It better matched his mood to lean over the thin spurt of water rising in his fountain and then he might be heard murmuring " Que poetica." Rubbing his bald spot, he would look up at the sun and declare it the great giver of energy. He was not overtolerant of Zuloaga and his precepts, but that does not mean that he was entirely lacking in catholicity of taste. For the art of Whistler he had a deep reverence and gave expression to it usually by omitting a low whistle.

He did not share with other painters the belief that copying from the old masters was of benefit to the student, and when he learned that in the Prado I was vainly trying to solve the mysteries of Velasquez, he would not allow me to go any further in that effort, not at least with paint and brushes. Some months later in London Mr. Sargent, Sorolla's friend, to whom Sorolla had sent me, suggested that I copy Hals, not his corporation portraits in the Haarlem Museum, but his single heads. Other men, other minds!

It has been said that Sorolla made free use of photographs in his canvases depicting action. Although he showed me many snapshots of beach scenes, I never saw him use them while painting. The painting of the three boys swimming, now hanging in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, was done with six boys as models. These boys swam from raft to raft, three relieving the other three, so that continuous work could go on.

In his studio Sorolla (who was nominally the Court painter of Madrid and very friendly with the King, whom he referred to as a " nice boy") had several portraits there of Alfonso. That oyster-white complexion seen in the portraits worried me until I finally saw at close hand how true it was. The face of the King was exactly that color.

He was at first generally at me not to wear glasses when I painted, but one day in the Madrid studio he came forward, took my glasses from me and, trying them on himself, glanced first at a book and then toward a far corner of the room. Then he turned to me and directed me to get him glasses just like mine. There was nothing for it but to go to an optician and have them duplicated. When they were ready I brought them back. This favor led to his doing me a portrait. I was amused to note—and rather gratified—that he didn't employ the glasses while he was painting it.

I did not usually find Sorolla at work on Sunday. But on one Sunday he was doing a Galician peasant in a red shirt. His family, for whom Sorolla had great affection, happened to be sitting around, entertaining a guest. He put his palette down and called attention to a recent bust that Señora de Sorolla sat for, and said: " It's easy! One can do it with both hands! "

His older daughter painted, yet on that account she did not enjoy any special favor in the eyes of a father whose own ardor for his art was as burning bright as the Spanish sunlight he loved to paint.

Thinning Ranks of Sidewalk Vendors

(Continued from Page 8)

their automobiles through that same street whose sidewalks no longer whirr with galloping iron horses. They were silent men, the vendors of these toys, and they were never molested. But there was no room for them in the crowded thoroughfares which the department stores now occupy. Lone mechanical toy-sellers, vendors of airplanes and airship balloons and other novelties appear from time to time in upper Broadway and Fifth Avenue, but there are too many hurrying feet to give room for the toy ambulance to rush to the succor of the injured in the toy elevated wreck.

The Lavender Flower Man, likewise, made Twenty-third Street his headquarters. The sweet scent from his box of lilac-colored contents reminded passing shoppers of the old chest in the attic in which grandmother's wedding dress had lain, permeated with the old-fashioned Victorian odor. He himself, while not old in years, had about him an intangible something which imparted to him the atmosphere of the preceding generation. Like the toy sellers, he vanished when the department stores moved further uptown.

The automobile has been a potent agent in reducing the number and variety of sidewalk vendors. Holidays were wont to see them out in full force with balloons, horns, whistles, flags, rattles, ticklers and confetti, according to the season of the celebration, for then the city's streets were crowded and parades were the vogue. Now the holiday gives opportunity for an automobile trip and deserted streets are barren of trade for the itinerant vendor.

Few non-fiction books of recent years have been so widely read as Papini's " Life of Christ." The publishers, Harcourt, Brace & Co., report that it is now in its ninth printing here and that the sixth edition is on the press in Great Britain. Thirty thousand copies have been sold in France and more than 100,000 in Italy. The book has now reached China, where its favorable reception indicates that it will have a large sale.

A timely article in the August Delineator is entitled " Cool, Comfortable Rooms," giving suggestions for Summer furnishings and decorations. Among the fiction features are short stories by M. L. C. Pickthall, Bertha K. Mellett and Frances Gilchrist Wood, and instalments of " The Listening Girl " by Anne Hard, and " J. Hardin & Son " by Brand Whitlock.

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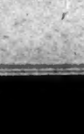

Current Magazines

THE ROUND TABLE, a quarterly review of the politics of the British Commonwealth, has in its latest number an article on "Ireland As It Is," written by an Irishman, but unsigned, as are all the contributions to this periodical. The writer finds that Ireland has an efficient Government and a fairly efficient army, though the situation is far from satisfactory. As to the reasons why the rebellion has not yet been put down, he says:

> I am still convinced that the chief reason is because the ordinary citizen has not yet got even the remotest idea of civic responsibility, or, indeed, of common honesty. There is no sign of improvement in this respect; and I am driven to the conclusion that, despite the appalling lessons of the last five years, the last thing which the average Irishman wants is a Government which will govern. At least, that is the last thing he says he wants. Every county, rural and urban council in the country is perpetually plastering the Government with resolutions against every act by which the Government attempt to restore order. A double-dyed murderer is executed—a resolution of protest. A woman is arrested with loaded revolvers intended for murder concealed in her clothes. She is imprisoned, and goes on hunger-strike—a resolution of protest, and a public meeting is convened to demand her immediate release. Two armed irregulars raid a house and threaten to murder the occupants. The owner shoots one of them down—the coroner's jury brings in a verdict of manslaughter against the defender of his home. The Government suggests that income tax might be paid—a howl of protests against this tyranny. An attempt is made to enforce debts for shop goods—the process server is robbed and beaten, while as for landlords' rents—even to whisper such a word as "pay" is infamy.
>
> That is the outward and public attitude of the ordinary citizen here today; and yet the very man who votes for these resolutions of protest, and who most loudly condemns the Government for its brutality, will be the first to tell you in confidence that he wishes settled conditions were restored, that the irregular campaign is madness, and its authors worthy of any punishment. That is why I coupled the word honesty with civic responsibility.

The leading article in the August number of the Open Road is "The Real Monte Carlo," by John R. Tunis. Mr. Tunis relates two incidents which show the efficiency of the organization at Monte Carlo. The first sounds suspiciously like sensational fiction, which it may possibly be, since Mr. Tunis tells it on the authority of an unnamed eyewitness. It concerns a player who lost his last cent and, without leaving the table, drew a pistol from his pocket and shot himself through the head.

> Instantly, as though by magic, a body of twenty or more uniformed officials appeared from nowhere and formed a circle around the wounded man. A huge black cloth was produced mysteriously, the man was wrapped in it, and carried out through a panel in the wall that opened without any command. The whole thing took perhaps a minute; it moved as though it had been rehearsed, and as the men with the body disappeared the gambling was resumed and the voices of the croupiers broke the silence of the stunned crowd.

The other incident is not quite so tragic:

> An elderly Englishwoman recently went in to play with a hundred francs, and, buying chips to that amount, sat down at one of the tables. After winning for a few moments, she began to lose, until finally her last chip had vanished. As it did so she got up, preparatory to leaving, and reached in her pocket for a tablet which she was taking for a headache. Hardly had she swallowed the tablet when she was seized, led firmly into an ante-room and given an application of a stomach pump. They were taking no chances, were those in charge, of having her poisoned on their hands, and her protests were useless. Her feelings toward the authorities at the Casino at the end of her treatment were not of the pleasantest.

Eunice and Janet Tietjens contribute to the August St. Nicholas an amusing "Jaw-Breaker's Alphabet of Prehistoric Times." A few specimen stanzas will indicate the whimsical quality of the verses:

> B is for Brontosaurus.
>   A singular figure he cut!
> He was sixty feet long,
> But not very strong,
>   And his brain was the size of a
>   nut!
>
> (His cousin to see,
> Look now under D.
> But, except to provoke us,
> Don't call him Diplodo-cus.)
>
> D is for Diplodocus,
>   The biggest creature ever.
> You never saw so odd a cuss,
>   No, never!
>
> For eighty feet and two, it was;
>   More stupid than the chickens;
> And if he stepped on you, it was
>   The dickens!
>
> (To find his cousin gone long be-
>   fore us,
> Look now, under B, for Bron-
>   tosaurus.)

Writing in the August issue of the Literary Digest International Book Review on "Religion and the Young Novelist," Mildred Wasson directs attention to the fact that while philosophy, sociology, psychology, psychoanalysis and the "isms" play prominent parts in the literary output of the younger generation, religion does not figure. Discussing the attitude of such writers as F. Scott Fitzgerald, Stephen Vincent Benet, Elliot Paul and others, she says:

> I am seeking in vain for the word to express the attitude toward religion I find in these young novels. It is a quarter-tone I want, rather than a word, and I feel that the note is not on this keyboard. I would flat the word "flippancy" or sharp the word "nonchalance," and yet leave the tone untouched. How much is pose and how much is frank self-revelation is impossible for me to determine.
>
> I have said that religion has no leading rôle to play. Its case is worse than that. Religion as the profession of the Christian way of life and a hope of immortality seems to be classed with the dear delusions of the generation of uncles and parents. When God is acknowledged at all, He is hailed by His first name, called down from his exalted throne and motioned to a seat upon the floor. Irreverence, a flaunting bravado which is a sorrowful attempt at moral courage, repudiation of the old laws and a hooting raillery at the new—these seem to me to be striking characteristics of the new pose.

"My Home and My Workshop" is the title of an article by Arthur Stringer in the August Arts and Decoration. In it he tells how he has always found it necessary to have some occupation besides writing. He has tried fruit farming in Ontario and wheat farming in Alberta, and he has traveled in many parts of the world to keep himself as he expresses it, "from falling into the inkpot."

His present hobby is cabinetmaking. He constructs furniture of no particular period and, if we may believe his own reports of the comments of his friends, of no particular beauty or utility, but the work keeps him busy when he is not writing, and that is what he wants.

Herbert Quick's serial, "The Hawkeye," comes to its conclusion in the August Ladies' Home Journal. Other serials are Albert Payson Terhune's "The Amateur Inn, Part II.," and Margaretta Tuttle's "Feet of Clay, Part IV." There are short stories by Hugh McNair Kahler, Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. Bernice Brown and Margaret Belle Houston. Among the special articles are "My Own Story" by Mary Pickford, "Our Social Ladder" by Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer and "Wasters," by Sarah Addington.

The story of "Insulin—A Miracle of Science" is told by Donald Harris in the September Popular Science Monthly. He tells what insulin is, how it is used in the treatment of diabetes and how it was discovered by Dr. Frederick Grant Banting, an unknown young laboratory assistant. In the same number Dr. E. E. Free presents "The Proofs of Evolution" in the seventh article of his series on "The Story of Man and His World." Chief John Kenlon of the New York City Fire Department writes about "The Science of Fire Fighting." Manus McFadden, in "Wild Birds Studied by Tags," tells of the new and fascinating sport of bird banding, which not only gives pleasure to those who indulge in it, but also adds to the sum of human knowledge about birds. Dr. James J. Walsh discusses "The Power of Auto-Suggestion," explaining how such men as Ford and Marconi have won success by "bombarding the mind with purposeful ideas." William H. Keats writes on "Mechanical Kinks of Tennis," telling how the mastery of a few simple principles of physics will improve one's game. Many new inventions are pictured and described and much miscellaneous scientific information presented in language not too technical for the ordinary reader.

The September Harper's will contain, besides the usual departments, "The Land of the Lotus Eaters," by Henry James Forman; "Points of View," a story by Mary S. Watts; "Alternatives," a poem by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer; "The Cost of Progress," by Charles Pierce Burton; "My Friends Are Little Lamps to Me," a poem by Elizabeth Whittemore; "Clever People," a story by Mark Lee Luther; "The Swarm," by Dallas Lore Sharp; "An Epic of Marble Mountain," a story by Frank Parker Day; "American Husbands," by Alexander Black; the seventh instalment of Basil King's serial, "The Happy Isles"; "Trails to Tiny Towns," by Gertrude A. Zerr; "A Lover in Waiting," a story by V. H. Friedlander, and "Laus Autumno," a poem by Elizabeth J. Coatsworth.

"The Bandit Problem in China" is discussed by K. K. Kawakami in the September issue of Japan. He explains that while banditry in China is as old as the hills, it is something new for these brigands to molest foreigners. In the past they were afraid of the powerful Governments which stood behind the "foreign devils." But of late their attitude has changed, and Mr. Kawakami has an interesting theory to account for that change.

> The Russian revolution, with all its miseries and horrors, is the main factor which contributed toward the lowering of the Chinese estimate of the Occidental peoples, toward which the bandits, and the masses of China, had entertained something of a superstitious respect, strongly tinged, of course, with hatred. Following upon the heels of the Russian revolution, numerous Russians fled to Manchuria and Northern China. They swarmed Harbin, Mukden, Shanghai and Tientsin, destitute, starving, ill-clad, and often penniless. Many of them were forced to live in slums in no better condition than that of low-class Chinese. Never had the Chinese beheld such peculiar spectacles in their midst. They had been accustomed to seeing foreigners opulent, dignified, and respectable. They had been used to the overbearing manner of the "white devils," who lorded it over alike the merchants and the coolies of China. The spectacle of the Russian refugees who have come to eke out a living, even by begging for alms at the doors of the Chinese, has completely upset the Chinese conception of "white superiority!" They are beginning to think that after all the white men and white women are molded out of the same clay as they. It has dawned upon them that they are equal, if not superior, to the white race. The average Chinese, ignorant of the real quality of Western civilization, is apt to estimate the white man by outward marks of his material prosperity. What wonder that he is beginning to look scornfully at the white race, whose Russian members at least have stepped down from their high pedestal and have come to live among them a life of poverty and destitution?

The August number of Architecture contains an illustrated description of the great north window in the chapel of the United States Military Academy at West Point which was recently dedicated to the West Point graduates who died in the World War. The design for this window was started by William Willet some ten years prior to his death, when it was not known what future great event it should be used to commemorate. The design was completed by his widow and executed by her in collaboration with her son. The subject is the Apocalypse. The window was paid for with funds raised by the National Association of Graduates.

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French Army Returns Fire

(Continued from Page 1)

dent body, the General Staff and the High Command from the Ecole de Guerre, and so in analyzing M. de Pierrefeu's dictum that, by 1914, the General Staff had become so Bergsonized that its "doctrine accepted the discredit of the intelligence and favored the cult of intuition," the General shows what were the actual conditions in the Ecole de Guerre which had produced such a phenomenon, or had at least produced a situation inviting criticism, when faced with the actualities of war. Being a human institution, the Ecole de Guerre, no more than the General Staff, could be credited with infallibility, and, like similar educational bodies, the Ecole had its mathematical, logical and conservative faction and its philosophical, intuitive and progressive faction—its right wing and its left:

> There are in all bodies a left wing which, under the pretext of progress, professes the cultivation of utopia. Now we know that if sweet dreamers or sanguinary idealists succeed in merely exercising a bad restraint in a parliamentary assembly, it does not happen that way in war, where "speculation is translated into disasters."

After the defeat of 1870 it was not until 1890 that the Ecole de Guerre was able to produce a General Staff which corresponded to the exigencies of the times. Professors like Foch, Maillard, Bonnal, Pétain, Fayolle and Debeney, to mention only the best known, then revolutionized the methods of instruction and work, and finally succeeded in creating in the officers' corps the intellectual atmosphere which it had formerly lacked. But parallel with its intellectual progress, based on science and interpreted as art, had been the imaginative development of a certain clique, based on the fallacy that, as in the arts of expression, an illusion of reality was, to all intents and purposes, truth itself:

> It is perfectly true and painful to confess that these very persons who were drawing us so far from reality had, at the precise moment of the breaking out of the great war, an influence which is very much to be regretted. How and why should this have been so? Mystery.
>
> But does this prove that in our military society, at the meetings of our tacticians and strategists, it was the extreme Left which dominated and took direction of affairs?
>
> It was a phase of evolution, which doubtless would have been transitory, but it was synchronous with the preparation and opening of the greatest military events that the world has known.
>
> How is it that we are not dead from this terrible blow? Simply because our Ecole de Guerre had prepared and ripened the minds and characters of its students and that the latter were able to adapt themselves more quickly than our enemies to the situation.
>
> For the Germans had seen happen the same phenomenon to them that we had seen happen in France; they, too, had the most progressive party; they saw with Bernhardi and the rest of the prophets the intrepid manoeuvre overthrowing the adversary with the rapidity of a bolt from the blue.
>
> But our enemies have not our suppleness of mind and their persistent brutality could not triumph over our agility. General de Négrier, who with his vast experience with military affairs would surely not be prone to accept the theses of those burning with imagination, said some time ago:
>
> "There will be a greater difference between the coming war and that of 1870 than there was between the latter and the wars of the First Empire. Obligatory service whence will go forth the armed masses, smokeless powder, rapid-fire guns will impose upon tacticians problems of which we have no suspicion. The war from its very inception will be a surprise for two contestants. The victor will be the one who shall understand more quickly, hence it will be we!"
>
> This indeed was the way the question presented itself to the men of great intelligence and common sense who presided over the destinies of our military university. And this is what gave the measure of their effort attained during forty years.

The military author then describes how the defeated army of 1870 was gradually molded into a new form, while the further they went the more they became convinced that the German General Staff of 1870 had been "un bluff colossal," and, finally, "We found the weak point in the enemy's armor." But the functions of the Ecole de Guerre are not merely to instruct, discover, invent, the school has a moral standard to set, a moral obligation to fulfill in time of peace: It is to keep the nation watchful, alert, ready; to instill in the nation and to nurture there a love for the army and a faith in its works.

> Finally and above all, the great principle of the day is to realize that work alone can count today for the victorous but lacerated nation, and that it is not necessary to seek out the quibbles among these persons or those in order to know what would have been the cause of defeat if we had been vanquished. Let us rather confine ourselves to the discovery of the mistakes made so as to avoid them in the future and not fall into the same errors. That is what we should do.
>
> Establish responsibilities? Be it so, but that becomes most difficult if we desire justice. Lessen the merit of those who achieved the victory by introducing the knife of the critic in their work just to dissect and possibly to destroy them? To what good and to what end can it lead?

The General freely admits that the anti-Plutarch knows much more about Plan XVII. than he does himself, although he is at a loss to understand whence the superior knowledge of the other is derived. For reasons with which the military author is unacquainted, the Grand General Staff and the High Command believed that the main German attack would be launched between the Meuse and Verdun. Plan XVII. apparently responded to this hypothesis. This front and the Belgian front could not both be rendered impregnable and an offensive launched, as it was, in Alsace. A formidable concentration on the Belgian frontier could in no way be justified: it would have disconcerted the Belgians and possibly have justified the Germans to proceed. In certain cases some faith must be placed in the honesty of human nature. There was faith in the British fleet, and that was not misplaced. There was also faith in the sanctity of treaties, and that was betrayed by Germany. At the first battle of the Marne, Joffre, like Napoleon in similar circumstances, had placed his finger upon the map and said: "C'est là que je batterai l'ennemi!"

And as to Lanrezac and Gallieni and the Marne: Who knows the lieutenants of Alexander, of Caesar, of Turenne, of Condé? "The victor of Marengo, was it Bonaparte or Desaix?" And:

> Since we say "la Marne" and not the Ourcq, the Marne, the Morin, the Saulx and the Ornain, we shouldn't say Gallieni, Maunoury, French, Franchet d'Esperey, Foch, de Langle and Sarrail, but quite simply "Joffre."

Now as to the superiority of civilians as defenders of a nation, as to politicians and diplomats: To the generalizations put forth by M. de Pierrefeu, the General cites precise instances, which might be measurably added to, of unfortunate civilian interference in the conduct of the war, of which the German High Command was conspicuously free until the very end; the lack of high explosives on the British front in the Spring of 1915, the Gallipoli fiasco, the restraint placed on Serbia, the veto to Greece, the abortive nature of Neville's offensive, &c. The disclosures made by Sir William Robertson of political interference of all sorts, by Rear Admiral Consett of civilian greed enjoyed at the expense of the soldiers, emphasize the military complaint at every point.

Then, in the best of humor, the General criticises M. de Pierrefeu's profound ignorance of military terms and usages, which even the rhetorical skill of the professional literary man has been unable to conceal, and so on, with a good nature which does not, however, hide the serious import of the subject and its manifest effect upon the public mind.

At the very end the familiar demon of the military author returns to his master fresh from an encounter with the familiar demon of the civilian author. The latter had just returned from below, where he had interviewed Plutarch himself, who had said to him:

> "Go tell your master that I am here by the will of grateful nations, and I shall never leave this place until all the knives of all the princes of criticism shall be lifted from my head. Run, fly, and return no more."

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from Page 21)

living more free and wholesome proves it to be worth consideration.

While there had been scattered experiments in various countries in co-operative merchandising so little success had resulted that the beginning of the co-operative movement is to be found, Mr. Warbasse thinks, in the enterprise that was inaugurated by two dozen or more ragged and poverty-bedeviled weavers of Rochdale, England, seventy-five years ago. Their combined capital, the result of a year of extreme self-denial and severe privations, was $140. From that tiny beginning, much ridiculed at the time by their fellows and ignored by every one else, the movement has grown, on the principles they established, until now in Great Britain there are over 1,200 retail distributive societies having a capital of $400,000,000 with a yearly surplus savings, or profits, of $125,000,000, of which over half was returned to the members, while English and Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Societies do a yearly business of over $600,000,000 and run scores of factories and productive industries of many kinds, own farms in England and Canada, tea plantations in Ceylon, palm olive estates in Africa, steamships, a fishing fleet, the largest flour mills in Great Britain, purchasing offices in all the great commercial centres of the world. All this is in Great Britain alone, and the author tells how the movement has spread to thirty-seven other countries, recounting its history in each one and giving the data as to its present status. Considerable space is devoted to the rather slow progress the movement is making in the United States with account of its development in sections and States and among racial groups.

Mr. Warbasse feels sure that this co-operative movement has in it the possibilities that some time will enable it to take the place, by evolutionary progress, of the present State. He thinks the State likely to be a necessity of Government for a long time, but that eventually, as the co-operative society develops, it will gradually fade away.

PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE. By Elinor Glyn. 231 pp. Auburn N. Y.: The Authors' Press.

PHILOSOPHY, in its normal sense, is hardly a thing of which one would expect Elinor Glyn to be guilty. But she seems to have evolved out of considerable observation, some talking, a little thinking and a very little superficial reading a multitude of ideas about the love relation between the sexes and its issue in marriage which she sets forth here in orderly array, and, being ambitious, she dignifies it with the title of "philosophy," and, also being human, she sets it on a still higher pedestal with her definitive article "the."

Just how lacking in any but the most casual and superficial elements of study and thought is her "philosophy" is indicated by her trustful quotation from some one whom she describes as "one of the greatest authorities on the history of religions," who, she comments, gave her much valuable information about marriage. He derived it, she says, from "the old idea of the union of husband and wife which had existed among the Teutonic tribes for long generations." It seems not to have occurred to her to question the limitations of the adjective "Teutonic." But, however negligible the book may be in its pretense of being "philosophy," it does contain a surprising amount of common sense, and if she had called it by that title instead of the more ambitious word the result would have been more fitting. In ten chapters she considers the nature of love, the motives and the possibilities, good and bad, of marriage, the nature of woman and the nature of man as regards their relations toward each other, gives advice to plain girls, tells the man how to win the woman he loves and how to keep her love after marriage, devotes a special chapter to love in America, and reads several lessons to husbands and wives on how difficult it is, but at the same time how necessary, for each to hold the love of the other, giving them much good advice for that purpose.

Mrs. Glyn's knowledge of life and human nature is superficial, but it is keen and shrewd and practical, and her observations on this particular subject have been wide enough to sophisticate her thoroughly and doubtless would have made her cynical but for the preservative sentimentality with which she is saturated. There are probably few young men or young women or older husbands or wives who would not find the book edifying just because of its practical, common-sense, worldly-wise advice on a subject that is of poignant interest to most of them.

"THE SCIENCE OF YOU"

REACTIONISM. The Science of You. By John D. Boyle. 232 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE purpose of Mr. Boyle in this exposition of the results of what he tells us, has been a lifetime study of human beings and of effort to discover the basic principle of universal law, is to set forth, for the inspiration of others the system he has formulated. He calls it "the theory of life ether" and to his whole system he gives the name of "Reactionism." He divides his work into two parts, in the first studying the human being, "you," in seventeen phases, including "your physical world," "your mind," "your life ether," "your will," "your emotion," and so on, while in the second part he makes an application to the self in fifty daily lessons of the principles he has formulated. This process the author calls "Reactionalysis," and he endeavors by its means to give the individual a clearer perception of truth, a more thorough understanding of himself and others, and a method of strengthening the powers of will, attention, memory, reason and other faculties. It is his conviction that his theory and its application to the training of mind and character will result in strengthening of the mental faculties, improvement in character, warmer love for mankind and surer faith in the purposes of God.

Books and Authors

(Continued from Page 20)

than twenty years traveling in Persia and Beluchistan, doing administrative work for the British Government. During the World War he served in several capacities, among them that of general officer commanding in South Persia, a post which he held from 1916 to 1918.

"The Way Things Happen," a new play by Clemence Dane, will be published this Fall by Macmillan and is to be produced in New York this Winter.

A biography of the late Surgeon General William Crawford Gorgas, the conqueror of yellow fever, is being prepared by his widow in collaboration with Burton J. Hendrick, the author of "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page." The work is yet far from completion, but Doubleday, Page & Co. hope to publish it during the coming year.

Charles B. Falls, the poster artist, is personally supervising the printing of his "A-B-C Book," which Doubleday-Page will bring out in September. The book is illustrated with animal pictures printed in four colors. It was designed originally for Mr. Falls's little daughter, Bedella Jane, who likes big books with lots of pictures in them.

"The Great Moment" is the title of Elinor Glyn's new novel to be published early in September by Lippincott. It is described as a clean, dramatic love story, full of scenery and full of movement.

Bernard Marshall, though an American, delights in selecting picturesque periods of English history for the background of his novels. In "Cedric the Forester" he wrote of the times when the Magna Charta was wrested from the King, and in "Walter of Tiverton" of the time of Richard Coeur de Lion. His third novel, "The Torch Bearers," tells of stirring events in the days of Oliver Cromwell. It will be published this Fall by Appleton.

George Saintsbury's "Collected Essays and Papers, 1875 to 1920" is announced for Fall publication by Dutton. Two of the volumes deal with English literature in the nineteenth century, while the third covers a variety of subjects, including Bolshevism, spelling reform, cookery, reviewing, and essays on Milton, Dante and Shakespeare.

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Queries and Answers

Communications for these columns should be addressed to the Editor of Queries and Answers, NEW YORK TIMES. They should be written on one side of the paper only, and must contain the name and address of the writer as an evidence of good faith.

QUERIES

"No Christian Nation"

E. K. H.—I would like to know in what work of Henry Drummond's and the page where the following may be found:

"There is no Christian nation, but there are Christians in all nations."

"A Harp and a Trumpet"

J. B.—Will some one please give me the source and the rest of the poem which begins:

Greek's a harp we love to hear,
Latin is a trumpet clear.

"If"

H. I. E.—Will some one please tell me the name of the author and the title of the following lines:

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you'd like to win, but think you can't,
It's almost certain you won't.

"God Seen in Everything"

L. M. K.—I should like to know the author and the rest of the poem of which the following is a part:

In the trees, in the plain,
In the sunshine, in the rain,
In the little birds that sing,
God is seen in everything.

"The Starry Flag"

A. L. S.—I would like to find the poem containing the following lines, which appeared in The New York Tribune before the Civil War:

Tear down the flaunting lie,
Half-mast the starry flag;
Insult no sunny sky
With hate's polluted rag.

"Gone From the West"

C. F. P.—Can any reader give me the author and the poem probably entitled "The Willow Pool," of which the following is the first verse:

Hasten, why yes, we must ride ten miles
Ere ever we pause to rest, for
Look, how the twilight shadows creep
And the red has gone from the west.

"The Rich Man's Table"

R. T.—Please advise me the name of the poem that follows and where it is to be found:

This is the story they told each other,
The glass of wine to its elder brother:
Filled to the brim, rim to rim,
On the rich man's table.

"The Sage and the Fool"

H. D. W.—Will some reader please complete the short poem, said to have been found, unsigned, in an English churchyard:

What a jolly life a corpse must lead
In the grave, so calm and cool;
Scorning the trifles that mortals most need,
And pitying the sage and the fool.

"Her Voice"

F. I. W.—Can any reader locate these lines for me:

Her voice was like a chime of silver bells,
Whose sweet, sad music floats upon the air,
Whose plaintive soothing melody ebbs and swells
In one long song, harmonious, rich and rare.

"The Lady of the Villa"

F. B.—Can some reader inform me where to find the complete poem, the first verse of which follows:

Near the City of Seville,
Years and years ago;
Dwelt a lady in a villa,
Years and years ago.

"Where Is God?"

J. B. G.—Can any reader give me the name of the author and the complete verses of the following poem:

WHERE IS GOD?

"Oh, where is the sea?" the fishes cried,
As they swam the crystal clearness through;
"We've heard from of old of the ocean's tide,
And we long to look on the waters blue."

"Wrapped in the Flag"

M. E. M.—Can you please tell me the rest of the following verse:

Wrap me up in an American flag,
Pop goes the weasel.

ANSWERS

"To the Battle Front"

PAUL W. KIESSER, Brookings, S. D.—The lines "To the battle's front do we need to go for the place where our courage is tried," concerning which "J. H. P." inquires in your issue of July 29, appear in a poem, "The Test of Courage," written by Dr. William E. Johnson, President Emeritus of South Dakota State College, Brookings. Dr. Johnson has written a number of poems of merit, but this one is perhaps the best known of all.

Men and Mountains

MURIEL G. AHREND, Central Valley, N. Y.—Replying to "A. V. D." in your issue of July 22 the poem beginning, "Give me men to match my mountains" is by Sam Walter Foss, entitled "The Coming American," and may be found in his book of poems, "Whiffs from Wild Meadows" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston). It is as follows:

Bring me men to match my mountains,
Bring me men to match my plains,
And new eras in their brains.
Bring me men to match my prairies,
Men to match my inland seas;
Men whose thoughts shall pave a highway
Up to ampler destinies;
Pioneers to cleanse thought's marshlands,
And to cleanse old error's fen;
Bring me men to match my mountains;
Bring me men!

Bring me men to match my forests,
Strong to fight the storm and beast,
Branching toward the skyey future,
Rooted in the futile past.
Bring me men to match my valleys,
Tolerant of rain and snow;
Men within whose fruitful purpose
Times consummate blooms shall grow;
Men to tame the tigerish instincts
Of the lair and cave and den,
Cleanse the dragon slime of nature—
Bring me men!

Bring me men to match my rivers,
Continent cleansers, flowing free;
Drawn by eternal madness,
To be mingled with the sea.
Men of oceanic impulse,
Men whose moral currents sweep
Toward the wide infolding ocean
Of an undiscovered deep;
Men who feel the strong pulsation
Of the central sea, and then
Time their currents its earth throbs,
Bring me men!

"One Braver Thing"

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston—The verse for which "A. B. C." asks in your issue of July 22 is by John Donne (1573-1631), and reads as follows:

I have done one braver thing
Than all the worthies did,
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

It is the fly-leaf motto of Richard Dehan's novel, "One Braver Thing," published by Duffield & Co. in 1910.

The lines are from Donne's poem, "The Undertaking," and may be found in Volume I. of the "Muses Library" (Dutton). It is too long to publish.

"The Great Unknown"

AGNES M. HORIE, Pleasantville, N. Y.—The poem asked for by "E. C." in your issue of July 22 is "The Abiding Love," by the Rev. John W. Chadwick. It is as follows:

It singeth low in every heart;
We hear it each and all—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brighten all the joys of life,
They soften every frown.
But oh, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more!

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whatever betides, Thy love abides,
Our God forevermore.

Several correspondents answered this query.

Scripture Cake

JACK DONOHUE, New York.—In answer to the query of "J. E. S." in your issue of July 29 I enclose the recipe which has been in my possession for forty years. I do not know the origin of the cake or its author.

SCRIPTURE CAKE.

	Book.	Chapter.	Verse.
1 cup-of butter	Judges,	5	25
3½ cups of flour	1st Kings,	4	22
2 cups of sugar	Jeremiah,	6	20
2 cups of raisins	1st Sam'l,	30	12
2 cups of figs	1st Sam'l,	30	12
1 cup of water	Genesis,	24	17
1 cup of almonds	Genesis,	43	11
6 eggs	Isaiah,	10	14
1 tablespoon honey	Exodus,	16	21
1 pinch of salt	Leviticus,	2	13
Spice to taste	1st Kings,	10	10

Follow Solomon's advice for making good boys and you will have a good cake. Proverbs, 13 24

Several correspondents answered this query.

"His Own Hearthstone"

B. B. VALLENTINE, New York—In answer to the query of "G. E." in your issue of July 29, who asked for the author and the complete poem with the lines:

God, is it good that a man should know
That the world was made for his own?

The author is Eleanor Hallowell Abbott (Mrs. Fordyce Coburn), born in Cambridge, Mass., 1872, and is still living. She has written "Sick-a-Bed Lady" and other stories. This poem is entitled "The Song of the Mark," and is in four stanzas. It may be found in the bound volumes of "The Speaker." Subjoined are the first stanza and the final refrain:

God, is it good that a man should know
That the world was made for his own,
From the furthest blow of the ice and the snow
To the warmth of his own hearthstone?
God, is it good that a man should sight
In the birds and the beasts and the trees
In the day's delight and the marvel of night,
Even God's desire to please?
Must he know that the fever that frets in his veins
Is the pulse and life of the race;
Must he know that the gains of his furthest demands
Are bred in the flame of his face?
God, is it safe that he knows he was born
To the uttermost joy of the earth;
From the glorious dawn of creation's first morn
To the judgment's havoc and dearth?

REFRAIN.

The man you drove from Eden's grove
Was I, my Lord, was I,
And I shall be there when the earth and the air
Are rent from sea to sky,
For it is my God, my wondrous God,
My tender Lord divine;
What should I fear from far and near,
Since even God is mine?

Grace Byron, Bradford, Pa., writes that the poem is in Harper's Monthly for June, 1902. The poem is too long to print. Several other correspondents answered this query.

"Nearer Home"

B. B. VALLENTINE, New York—"Charles" is informed, in answer to the lines "Here is the body pent absent from Him I roam, &c." are from the poem At Home in Heaven," by James Montgomery, a religious poet (1771-1854), born in Ayrshire, Scotland. The poem is in "The Home Book of Verse" (Henry Holt & Co., New York).

Other correspondents inform us that the lines may be found in most hymnbooks and also in "Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song," and is also called "Forever With the Lord."

"Nathan Hale"

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—I append the poem, "Nathan Hale," for which "G. D. S." asks in your issue of July 29.

NATHAN HALE.

Doomed a spy—so young so fair—
With fettered limbs and bosom bare
He stood in the crisp Autumn air
Beneath the apple bough!
While 'round with taunt and ribald jest
The British redcoats, gloating, pressed,
But heaven's bright sunshine crowned and kissed
His calm, unruffled brow.

With patriot spirit kindling high,
And proud defiance in his eye,
To jibe and jeer he makes reply—
(Such words forever live):
"My sole regret as here I stand,
And writ the hangman's shameful hand,
Is that for my dear native land
I've but one life to give."

The deed is done, his soul hath flown;
And lo! o'er freedom's mountain throne
Another star in lustre shone
Adown the groves of time;
To cheer for aye the brave of heart,
Who spurn oppression's cruel smart,
And rise and rend their chains apart,
In every race and clime.

And, O Columbia! mother mine—
Long may thy shield be freedom's sign,
Long may thy navies sweep the brine,
Thine armies, hill and dale;
And when the war drums loudly peal
Nor doubt nor danger canst thou feel,
Bulwarked around by hearts of steel
Like that of Nathan Hale.

John P. Wright, New York, writes that the poem was written by Private Stokes, Battery G, First Artillery, and was published in the Army and Navy Journal.

"Fiddle and I"

PAUL QUINN, Wallingford, Conn.—The poem asked for in your issue of July 22 by "L. M. M." is by F. E. Weatherly. It is as follows:

FIDDLE AND I.

By road and river,
Countryside and town,
I roam forever
With my fiddle brown;
Creeping under barns so gladly,
When outside the Winter howls;
Playing sadly, playing madly,
Waking up the rats and owls.

REFRAIN.

Ah, it was gay, night and day,
Fair and cloudy weather;
Fiddle and I wandering by,
Over the world together.

Down by the willow
Summer nights I lie,
Flow'rs for my pillow,
And for roof the sky;
Playing all my heart remembers,
Old, old songs from far away;
Golden Junes and bleak Decembers,
Rise around me as I play.

On, on forever
'Till the journey ends,
Who shall disever
Us two trusty friends?
Who can bring the past before me,
Make the future gayly glow,
Lift the clouds that darken o'er me,
Like my trusty fiddle bow!

Several correspondents write that the poem was set to music by Arthur

(Continued on Page 31)

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FUNDAMENTALS OF ORGANIC AND BIOLOGICAL CHEMISTRY. By Thomas Guthrie Phillips. 8vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.

A textbook.

THE MALADY OF EUROPE. By M. E. Ravage. 12mo. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

Contains a discussion of the causes of European troubles and what America can do to check them.

OLD AGE—ITS CAUSE, WITH A REMEDY AND PREVENTIVE. By Virginia May Brown. 16mo. Washington: Gibson Brothers.

Republished from the Health Culture Magazine.

FOREST RESOURCES OF THE WORLD. By Raphael Zon and William N. Sparhawk. 8vo. New York: The McGraw-Hill Book Company. Two volumes.

Contains an introduction by Gifford Pinchot; prepared under the authority of the Secretary of Agriculture. Statistics and maps covering the forest resources of all countries.

New Editions

COLLECTION GALLIA. 16mo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. MAURICE, by Eugene Scribe (Volume 29); LA CANNE DE M. DE BALZAC, by Mme. de Girardin (Volume 31); LA RECHERCHE DE L'ABSOLU, by H. de Balzac (Volume 33); SOEUR PHILOMENE, by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt (Volume 34).

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THE ROAD AWAY FROM REVOLUTION. By Woodrow Wilson. Pocket size. New York: Atlantic Monthly Press.

The former President's short paper, republished from the Atlantic Monthly.

Miscellaneous

THE AMERICAN DIRECTORY AND WHO'S WHO IN EUROPE. Edited by Paul Brewster. 12mo. New York: Alfred Knopf. $5.

A reference book of Americans living in Europe.

GOLTMAN'S UP-TO-DATE SPELLER AND DEFINITIONS. Pamphlet. Montreal, Canada: Goltman's Business College.

Queries and Answers

(Continued from Page 29)

Goodeve, and may be obtained of any music publisher. Other correspondents answered this query.

"The World Beautiful"

J. A. WOOD, Trenton, N. J.—The hymn asked for by "A. W." in your column of July 22 may be found in "The Methodist Sunday School Hymnal (No. 262)," published by the Methodist Book Concern, New York. The words are by Cecil Francis Alexander. Several correspondents inform us that the title of the hymn is "The Creation." Other readers answered this query.

"A Mother's Plea"

ANNA B. FRANK, Brooklyn, N. Y.—The poem asked for by "G. F. B." in your issue of July 29 is "The Polish Boy," by Ann S. Stephens. It may be found in "One Hundred Choice Selections" (No. 3), published by the Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. Price 40 cents.

From Dickens

Mrs. F. V. DREES, Lewistown, Mont.—The quotation "F. L. V." seeks in your issue of April 29 is taken from Dickens's short story, "A Poor Man's Tale of a Patent," usually found among "Reprinted Pieces," and the paragraph reads:

"Is it reasonable to make a man feel as if, in inventing an ingenious improvement meant to do good, he has done something wrong? How else can a man feel after he is met with difficulties at every turn. * * * And look at the expense, how hard on me, and how hard on the country, if there is any merit in me (and my invention is took up now, I am thankful to say, and doing well) to put me to all that expense."

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